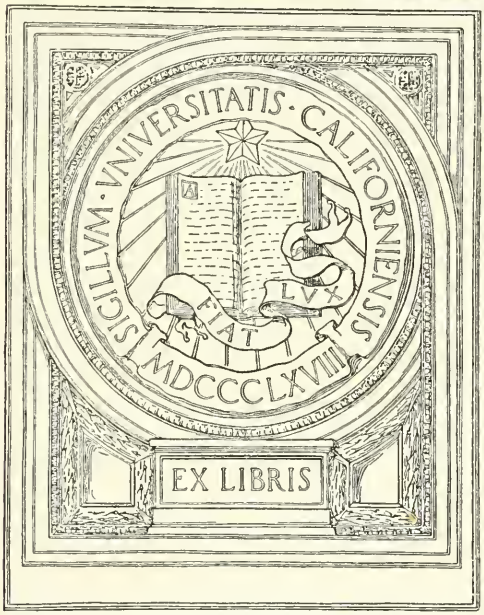

EIGHT FRIENDS OF THE GREAT

EIGHT FRIENDS
OF
THE GREAT

BY

WILLIAM PRIDEAUX COURTNEY

LONDON
CONSTABLE & COMPANY LTD
1910

PREFACE

THE desire for information on the lives of our fellow-countrymen has grown apace during recent years. The announcement in the daily papers of the death of a contemporary known in any circle of life is at once followed by a much longer description of his career than would have been the case fifty years since. Famous Englishmen in all ages are chronicled in the pages of Sir George Murray Smith's costly *Dictionary of national biography*, and Mr. Frederic Boase in his noble volumes of *Modern English biography* has summarised, with patient and protracted labour, the lives of everyone of any importance who passed away in the half-century beginning with 1850. But even after this vast increase in the biographical literature of our country many persons conspicuous in their time still want a chronicler.

Biographical details of such men as David Garrick can be found in a score of separate memoirs and in the general dictionaries of the literature or the biography of our kingdom, but information on the career of the poetaster whose lines were engraved on Garrick's monument in Westminster Abbey can be looked for with certainty in one authority only. It is in the memoirs of the more obscure of our countrymen that the value of our great biographical dictionary lies, and even within its ample folds five out of the eight lives described in these pages are not to be found.

The three lives which are described in the pages of that Dictionary are those of bishop Rundle, Dr. Warner and John Taylor. In a work of such magnitude the memoirs are necessarily of limited compass and to each of them I have

been able to add many additional details of interest. This will be apparent by a reference to the memoir of Dr. Warner. Though his career has been set out, both in the dictionary and in several other publications, by writers of exceptional skill, it has been reserved for me to make the first mention of many, and not the least important, circumstances in his life. His translation of a novel from the Spanish, the various descriptions of his style of preaching, his appointment to the vicarage of Scrivelsby, his acts of charity with Penneck and others, his friendship with Miss Seward, Dr. Gem, and William Huskisson, the dinner at Mont Rouge with Mercier, the quarrel with T. J. Mathias, the names of the scholars who appreciated his *Metronariston*, his communications with George Cumberland, his gifts to John Horne Tooke and friendship with the leading Reformers, the cause of his death, his adoption of a youth afterwards a K.C., these are some of the points which have been reserved for my narration.

The omissions in our great dictionary are Philip Metcalfe, Scrope Davies, lord Webb Seymour, Lydia White, and lord John Townshend. The reader, after a perusal of the succeeding narratives, will not hesitate, I hope, to corroborate my assertion that each of these eight memoirs contains many incidents of general interest and that all of these neglected persons lived lives which are worthy of description in detail.

Rundle was the central figure of a theological contest which raged as fiercely as the battle fought a century later over the appointment of Doctor Hampden to an English bishopric and the energies of Pope and Swift were enlisted on his behalf. Metcalfe was the companion of Johnson in his rambles at home and of Sir Joshua Reynolds in his art-travels through the Low-countries. He took a leading part in the differences which broke out over the erection of

Johnson's monument and as the executor of Reynolds, was one of those responsible for his funeral at St. Paul's and for the sale of his pictures. Dr. Warner was for many years associated with the pleasures as well as with the serious business of George Selwyn and he endeavoured after his friend's death to remove from the public mind the belief that the wit took an inordinate pleasure in witnessing the executions of conspicuous criminals. He was the first to start and the chief person to carry into effect, the proposal, that a statue of Howard, the philanthropist, should be placed in London's cathedral.

The mention of Scrope Davies recalls the life of Byron. They were friends in college days and in the fashionable life of their early manhood. Byron borrowed from him large sums of money, and showed the warmth of his friendship by the efforts which he made to repay them, as well as by the public dedication to Davies of one of his chief poems. Like many another conspicuous gambler during the Regency, the declining days of the life of Davies were passed in banishment from England. "Jack" Taylor knew everyone. With Sheridan and the theatrical circle which surrounded him he was closely intimate. He was the companion of Boswell in his hours of gaiety in the city when his song, repeated over and over again, threw the stiff form of Pitt into convulsions of laughter. In the busy haunt of Fleet Street and amid the jostling of the crowd which thronged that thoroughfare, Boswell submitted to him the proof sheets of the title-page of his immortal volumes and adopted the word which his critical friend suggested. Taylor corresponded with Byron and one of the poet's letters is for the first time given to the world in its entirety in these pages.

Scrope Davies was a student in classical literature until he had earned, when barely out of his teens, the wages sufficient to keep him in idleness for the rest of his existence.

On the other hand patient study and the acquisition of knowledge were the keynotes of the life of Lord Webb Seymour, a well known figure in Edinburgh life during its palmy days in literature and science. Sydney Smith dedicated to him in terms of warm feeling the first editions of his sermons.

Lydia White was for many years the leading lady in London to entertain the "lions" of the day. She visited Walter Scott at Ashestiel, was remembered by Tom Moore when he was in Italy, and Sydney Smith drew from her the jest with which her name is still associated. Lord John Townshend desired no other epitaph than a record of his life-long friendship with Charles Fox. It was for that statesman's sake that he contested the representation of the university of Cambridge and the city of Westminster, and satirised Pitt and his followers in the *Rolliad*.

I have now introduced the reader to the acquaintance of these eight persons. It rests with him to settle whether further knowledge of them shall draw him into friendship.

W. P. COURTNEY.

Reform Club Chambers,
November, 1909.

MEMOIRS

CONTENTS

EIGHT FRIENDS OF THE GREAT

A HERETIC IRISH BISHOP

A WEEK or two after the return in 1880 of the Liberal party to power, one of its most influential supporters, the son of a bishop, introduced into the House of Commons a bill for "the abolition of the congé d'élire and for the appointment to the episcopal bench direct by letters patent under the great seal." An interesting debate ensued and the bill was opposed on behalf of the government by the then Mr. Arthur Peel. At a later period in the discussion Mr. Gladstone intervened with his accustomed interest in ecclesiastical affairs. He urged that the existence of the congé acted as a moral check upon the prerogative of the crown and supported his argument by a reference to a case which occurred in the time of Sir Robert Walpole. That minister wished "to appoint a certain Dr. Rundle to a bishopric" but on account of his doctrines opposition in the chapter of the see to which it was intended to send him was threatened by his theological opponents. Sir Robert thereupon "transferred him to Ireland" where the absence of a congé d'élire permitted him to carry out his desires without any restraint. Ireland was then and for long years afterwards the dumping ground of the parson and the placeman. It was a country in which the presence of a heretic on the episcopal bench was a matter of no consequence;

a country where in the words of Sir James Mackintosh "anybody might be anything."

This heretic bishop Thomas Rundle, the diocesan of Derry, came from Devonshire, and is said to have been born at Milton Abbot about 1686. Members of his family had lived there and in the adjoining parish of Lamerton for several generations, but his father, also Thomas Rundle, was the son of a resident in Tavistock, the county town of those parishes. In 1691 he succeeded to the rectory of Whimple, a few miles from Exeter, and in 1697 was installed as prebendary of Exeter. The boy naturally went to the grammar-school of that city where the head-master was John Reynolds, whose portrait by his nephew Sir Joshua Reynolds hangs in the provost's lodge at Eton. When over 50 years old (1740) Rundle wrote to Alured Clarke, who had just been elevated to the deanery, that Exeter still continued the delight of his imagination. It was "by far the finest climate and most agreeable place of residence in England." He dwelt on "the variety of public walks round the town, the beauty of the landscapes, and the warmth of the air. The trees there shoot with a more luxuriant verdure, the flowers glow with warmer colours and the fruits ripen to a richer flavour . . . the fig and the grape scarce desire better skies." Had he lived in the twentieth century, he would have added to these praises the ease with which a resident within its walls can escape by rail or motor to sea or moor.

Like most other west-country youths, Rundle entered at Exeter college, Oxford, matriculating on 5 April, 1704. His technical description in the college was that of sojourner, and he remained there until 3 Dec. 1712 when he left with the degree of B.C.L. On 5th of July, 1723 he proceeded to the degree of LL.D. Thomas Rennell, another Devonian, and the bearer of a name which became famous among the leading preachers in the English church a

century later, acted as his tutor. While at Oxford a fellow collegian from the west, Joseph Taylor, afterwards member of parliament for Petersfield and Ashburton, introduced him o Edward Talbot of Oriel college, second son of the prelate who was successively bishop of Oxford, Salisbury and Durham. Through this friendship Rundle became intimate with Joseph Butler and Thomas Secker, and, as the friends of bishop Talbot's son, all three of them obtained preferment from the father. Complaint was made that Rundle adopted his friends precipitately and dropped them abruptly, and some years later George Stubbes, an old fellow of Exeter college, who was numbered among the small poets of the period, ridiculed this propensity in a poem called "fickle friendship." A very sprightly lady, Mary Lepel, lady Hervey commented on another fault. She acknowledged that lord chancellor Talbot, the bishop's eldest son had parts, but asserted that "the flattery and indulgence of Rundle has been his ruin. . . . Rundle was the greatest flatterer and the greatest talker I ever met with in my life." But whatever his motives or his failings may have been, these great divines, Butler and Secker, remained his fast friends all his life.

Towards the close of Rundle's college life the sincere but whimsical Whiston paid a visit to Oxford to further a scheme "for promoting primitive christianity." Rundle and Rennell sought the acquaintance of the reformer and as they were "sensible of modern errors and corruptions" were ready to give their support to him, but doubted whether any more recruits would be enlisted at the university. Rundle, after leaving the university, became an inmate of the house of John Cater of Kempston, near Bedford, as the tutor of his only son, and Whiston was asked by the head of the family to visit them. The tutor proved "so ready in the fathers and ecclesiastical history and indeed, so learned in all science but . . . so strictly sober, serious, conscientious (what shall

I say ?) so daringly good and honest in principle" that their guest believed himself to be amongst the primitive christians in the first century. The colours of this halcyon picture soon faded away.

The weakness of Rundle revealed itself to the critical eye of Thomas Emlyn, the first unitarian minister in England. He was not so temperate and abstemious as a confessor for the faith ought to be, and Emlyn was not long in remarking that he "did not seem cut out for such sufferings as counsellors are to expect." The truth forced itself upon poor Whiston with even more directness. He was invited to "eat a cheese-cake" with Talbot and Rundle, but when the innocent heretic went he found "such a collation of wine and sweet-meats prepared as little corresponded to the terms of the invitation." The secret of the repast was soon disclosed. They announced their intention to sign the 39 articles and to take preferment in the church. Whiston broke out into bitter reproaches and continued his sarcasms in after years. Some time afterwards, on being told that Rundle attributed the "apostolical constitutions" to the fourth century, he threw out the sarcasm "make him dean of Durham and they will not be written till the fifth."

The good offices of his friend's father William Talbot, then bishop of Salisbury, were quickly exercised. Rundle was ordained deacon on 29 July, 1716, and priest a week later. He was at once appointed the bishop's domestic chaplain and before the year ran out was made prebendary of the cathedral church. In July of the following year he was promoted to a better prebendal stall, in April 1720 he became archdeacon of Wilts and in January 1721 he succeeded his friend, Talbot, in the treasurership of the cathedral. These preferments did not exhaust the bishop's good will, for he gave him in 1719 the vicarage of Inglesham and in 1720 the rectory of Poulshot, both of them in Wiltshire.

Edward Talbot died young in December, 1720, leaving a widow and child in poor circumstances. Rundle and he had lived together for ten years "in the most tender and endeared friendship." Their life in college and in the church promoted their social intercourse, "when absent our letters were the pictures of our souls and every post we conversed." Widow and daughter—the "dearest Kitty" of Rundle's letters, who afterwards became well-known as the friend and correspondent of Elizabeth Carter—lived as members of Secker's household until his death in 1768 when they inherited from him a fortune of £13,000.

Bishop Talbot was translated to Durham in October 1721 and Rundle accompanied him as his domestic chaplain, retaining the archdeaconry and the treasurership in his old diocese of Salisbury. In his new situation he was even more amply rewarded. One of its well-endowed canonries was conferred upon him in January 1722 and a still better stall was bestowed upon him in November of that year. From 1722 he enjoyed the emoluments of the fat benefice of Sedgefield, and if he resigned that living in 1728 it was to succeed as master of Sherburn hospital, a desirable post in value and position, for it was situated less than two miles from the city of Durham. Hearne in his collections (viii., 100), calls him "a divine of 1500 libs per annum preferment who hath done or is about doing very honourably for Exeter college, having founded or being about to found and endow two Lectures there, viz., 1 in Natural Philosophy and 1 in Greek, each to be 50 libs per annum," but this rumour does not seem to have ended in fact.

During these years of quiet prosperity Rundle retained his old friendships and made fresh accessions to the list. Arthur Onslow, the famous speaker of the House of Commons, had sought his friendship "on the account of a public dispute he had against Tindal and Collins at the Grecian coffee-house

in defence of christianity." Berkeley became acquainted with him about 1721 and in 1725 received from him the munificent sum of £100 in support of his charitable works at Bermuda. His interest in the American colonies was further shown by his acting as a clerical trustee for the establishment of the colony of Georgia.

There are several competitors for the distinction of having been the first person to detect the beauties of James Thomson's poem of "Winter," and Rundle is one of them. After its publication, he recommended the poet to the patronage of Charles Talbot, who rose to the position of lord chancellor and through his influence Thomson went in 1730-1 on the continent as "bear-leader" to the chancellor's eldest son, Charles Richard Talbot. The young man died in September 1733 and Thomson opened the first part of his poem "Liberty 1735" with some lines in his praise. Thomson, in the poem which he printed in June 1737 on the chancellor, apostrophised Rundle as "thou darling friend! thou brother of his soul!" and as straying "on the pebbled shore, pensive" near Derry, driven from his "native sunshine" and his friends "the sunshine of the soul, by slanderous zeal and politics infirm." Thomson on Rundle's suggestion began a play on the story of Socrates but was dissuaded by three of his friends, Pitt, Lyttelton and Gilbert West, from continuing it.

Talbot's enormous income as bishop of Durham never sufficed for his profuse expenditure. To play the part of prince-bishop was congenial to him and he enjoyed appearing on horseback at all the reviews which the King attended. His domestic chaplain Rundle partook of his lavishness; he was throughout life fond of the pleasures of the table, and his "cheesecake" parties gradually expanded into more profuse entertainments. Though he took no pleasure in "the murders and assassinations of innocent hares and rabbits"

he did not scruple to partake of them as food. Some of his special dishes are recorded in Stukeley's diary, "bp Rundle is famous for candyed carrot, pea-capons, peeper pye, i.e., young new-hatched turkeys put into a pye, taken out by spoonfuls, 6 veal burrs stuffed with the ropes of 50 woodcocks. He calls a sirloin of beef *clumsy plenty*. Young hares fed with brocoli. By this means he treated himself into £4000 p. ann." No wonder that if he often partook of these dishes he found himself a valetudinarian before he was 45 years old, and that in the winter of 1733-4 he was dangerously ill!

A torrent of passionate controversy burst over Rundle in December, 1733 and continued to flow all the next year. The see of Gloucester had become vacant and Talbot, the lord chancellor, urged the promotion of his friend. "Codex" Gibson, the bishop of London who for many years of Walpole's administration ruled over matters ecclesiastical, protested against the appointment, urging that Rundle was a deist. His enemies gave out that his "warm fancy and brilliant conversation" had led him into serious indiscretions of speech. "I am an open talkative man" he allowed, but he coupled with it a warm denial that he had expressed at any time a disbelief in the christian religion.

The most serious of the accusations against him came from Richard Venn a man of high character beneficed in the diocese of London, whose sense of duty led him, though a Devonian like Rundle, to interpose in the fray. He stated that on one occasion when in company with Rundle and Robert Cannon, a dean who spoke in a jocular way on serious matters, the former had said, that were he a "justice of the peace when Abraham purposed to offer up his son Isaac he should have thought it his duty to have laid Abraham by the heels, as a knave or a madman," and he threatened to oppose Rundle at his confirmation in Bow

church. Attempts were made to dissuade him from this act but all efforts were futile. Whiston whose honesty is above suspicion made personal enquiries, as a friend of both parties, into the truth of the allegation and came to the conclusion that the charge was made in error.

An emissary from the lord chancellor called at Venn's rectory and hinted that the deanery of Wells would soon be vacant. "Let the chancellor know that I scorn his bribe" was the response. The interviewer then changed his tone with the prophecy that Venn's action would prove his ruin. The rector having obtained from his wife the assurance that she could support them with her needle and from his son the expression that he would like to be a waterman, calmly dismissed the agent with the words "there, sir, report what you have heard to the chancellor and tell him I defy him." The incident calls to mind the interview of Andrew Marvell with the emissary from Charles II. Venn with his wonted openness spoke shortly afterwards in a bookseller's shop of Conyers Middleton as an "apostate priest." Conyers with more vigour than usual, retaliated with the sentence "should I chance to describe a certain priest by the title of the *Accuser*, there is scarce a man in England who would not think on Mr. V——."

The see of Gloucester was unfilled for more than a year, throughout which period rumour after rumour prevailed in political circles, and pamphlet after pamphlet issued from the press. Sir Thomas Robinson, the "long Sir Thomas," wrote to lord Carlisle that the lord Chancellor having been told that his nominee was never to be a bishop had declared that should the congé d'élire be issued for the election of any other person he would give up the seals. Sixteen pamphlets, most of them with titles of portentous length, are entered under Rundle's name in the catalogue of the British Museum library as dealing with this protracted controversy and among

the clerical disputants were Maddox afterwards bishop of Worcester and Arthur Ashley Sykes, who wrote under the disguise of "a gentleman of the Temple."

Two less reputable controversialists afterwards enlisted themselves in the struggle. One of them was Arnall the hack-writer in Walpole's pay. The second was Richard Savage, a man inspired by hatred to "the claims of ecclesiastical power," and by friendship for Rundle's friend, "Jamie Thomson." He produced a poem with the innocent title of "the progress of a divine," tracing the career of a profligate priest to the highest preferments in the church and amiably insinuating that such a man was sure to be under the patronage of bishop Gibson. This was too much for the clergy and Savage was brought before the court of King's bench on a charge of obscenity. The defence consisted of the usual plea that the poem had been written for the promotion of decency in public life, and lord Hardwicke, after lauding the purity and excellence of the writings of the accused dismissed the information.

Mawson, who died bishop of Ely refused the see of Gloucester because he thought that Rundle had been improperly set aside. Martin Benson, who had married the sister of Secker was with difficulty induced to accept it. The see of Derry opportunely became vacant and Secker wrote that it might be filled in such a manner as to vacate a good deanery in England for Rundle, a preferment which would be thoroughly in accordance with his wishes. The deanery of Durham was suggested as fitting for him. But this scheme fell through and Rundle was sent to what he more than once calls his "splendid banishment" in Ireland, being consecrated as bishop on 3 August 1735.

The wits of England were enthusiastic in his praise. Pope in his letters to Swift declared that he "never saw a man so seldom whom I liked so much" and protested in his poems

that "Rundle has a heart." Swift a month after the consecration, had dined thrice in his company and had found out his only fault, "he drinks no wine and I drink nothing else." A third friend, Lyttleton, in his *Persian letters* dwelt on his christian virtues, "if the visible mark of your religion be meekness, or charity, or justice or temperance or piety all these are most conspicuous in the doctor." The truest of all was no doubt the estimate of Pulteney. "Rundle is far from being the great and learned man his friends would have the world believe him and much farther yet from the bad man his enemies represent him." A year after the appointment Swift still dwelt on his good qualities and the affection in which he was held. "He is a most excessive Whig but without any appearing rancour, . . . besides, £3000 a year is an invincible sweetness."

Rundle crossed to Ireland with the determination of ruling his diocese in a manner acceptable to his clergy. He took with him an Irish clergyman as his chaplain, which was, says Swift, "a very wise and popular action," and he was resolved to "prefer those educated in the country, with regard only to their merit and learning." One exception to this rule he contemplated. This was Thomas Birch the antiquary and biographer to whom he had hoped, these were his words in May 1738, to have been in a position ere this to settle in Ireland. The gift offered at first might be small, but if life lasted a more lucrative preferment should be his reward. His diocese contained "35 beneficed clergymen . . . and they are all regular, decent and neighbourly; each hath considerable and commendable general learning but not one is eminent for any particular branch of knowledge," an estimate which will remind the reader of Dr. Johnson's comment on Scotch learning. The curates were more troublesome, for not infrequently they were "fathers of 8 or 10 children, without any thing but an allowance of £40 a year

to support them." Three of them had been discarded from the diocese, but "though refused certificates by me and my clergy have obtained good livings in America and found room for repentance."

Very soon after his arrival at his see Rundle began rebuilding a house at Dublin. In January 1738-9 six weeks would suffice for its completion. The whole of it was handsome but only the room in which he had lodged his books was magnificent. Many critics had censured him for building a house "too splendid for me in my station" and too elegant for an Irish prelate. He had better have locked his money in a chest or "sent to France for social claret," which was more in accordance with Irish custom at that time, but the bishop preferred to spend it among Irish workmen so as to provide "beef and potatoes for their hungry families."

The glory of the structure was the library. It was 64 feet long, 20 feet wide and only 16 high. At the west side was the chimney, "formed in the best taste, of an Irish marble of an excellent polish" over which he purposed placing memorials of those members of the Talbot family who were dearest to his heart and to whom he owed his rise in life. The entablature of the Ionic order which was round the whole room was supported by 32 three quarters columns on a pedestal and the "frieze was enriched with the Vitruvian scroll adorned with its proper foliages." A bow window at the east commanded a view of the mountains in Wales and the highest hills in Ireland; "the ocean with its islands, a large river, a harbour rich with ships, a city . . . woods and meadows are mingled together in the most amusing contrast." Three windows on the south supplied a view of "nursery gardens and meadows ever verdant." His chief pleasure was to collect his friends around him in this room. "Gentlemen and ladies, old and young, rich and

poor, soldiers and bishops meet together often in my library."

The bishop, one April, described his health as like the season, one hour sunshine, the next clouds. Lord Orrery wrote to old Tom Southerne (January 1735-6) that doctor Rundle's condition "mends apace, at which wine-bibbers are offended and water-bibbers rejoice." He was in England in the spring of 1737 and active in the interests of his friends. He was eager for the wedding of John Talbot to Miss Decker and on 21 May he officiated at the marriage of "Leonidas" Glover to "the handsomest woman in England, worth all the nine muses." In January 1738-9 the winter had its influence on his "crazy constitution" but the "noble cordial ipecacuanha, frequently taken, undoes all the mischiefs of the weather." At Dublin the winters were the finest and the summers the dreariest that could be imagined. It was his design in Sept. 1740 to spend the winter and spring in London at John Talbot's in Red Lion Square and when summer came and he had visited some other friends to return to Ireland "for ever." He had grown too old and inactive for any further expeditions but the health and spirits which he had recovered led him to anticipate further happiness "talking in an elbow chair."

Slowly it came home to the valetudinarian that the remaining days of his life were few in number. In March 1742-3 he wrote to Archdeacon S., "Adieu, for ever . . . believe me, my friend, there is no comfort in this world, but a life of virtue and piety . . . I have lived to be *conviva Satur*, passed through good report and evil report, have not been injured more than outwardly by the last and solidly benefitted by the former." He died at his house in William Street, Dublin on 15 April 1743 and was buried in St Peter's churchyard, where a handsome monument was erected to his memory. The bulk of his fortune, £20,000 was left to John

Talbot. In person he was slender and "not inelegantly formed"; his portrait was in the collection of Secker when bishop of Oxford.

The sermons of Rundle have passed into the limbo of forgetfulness. His "anticipation of the posthumous character of sir Richard Steele" has long ceased to influence the opinion of the literary world. But his letters to Mrs Barbara Sandys, the daughter of a Kyrle who claimed kinship with "the man of Ross" and the wife of a Gloucestershire squire, are still worthy of perusal. They were edited by the rev. James Dallaway who asked for information about Rundle and obtained some particulars (*Gent. Mag.* 1789, p. 206) of him from Thomas Taylor, of Denbury near Ashburton, the son of his old friend and the owner of many letters by him, which have probably now perished. The bishop sends her books and periodicals, discourses amiably on literary and theological questions, and occasionally mentions a personal incident in the career of a man once prominent in life. His letters show him sympathetic in disposition and grateful for past acts of kindness. He was far from being the least worthy member of the episcopal bench in Ireland.

A FRIEND OF Dr. JOHNSON AND SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

The name of Philip Metcalfe is associated with the lives of the leading man of letters and the chief artist during the early years of the third George's reign. He gladdened Dr. Johnson's declining days with his society at Brighton and in London. He accompanied sir Joshua Reynolds on his travels abroad and was a welcome guest at his social entertainments in Leicester Square. His name flits across many a memoir of the personages of that period but these were his two especial friends and no man could desire better.

The family was for many generations connected with Yorkshire and remained in obedience to the Church of Rome. Their means enabled them to acquire from Sir Richard Le Scrope about 1416 the estate of Nappa in Wensleydale. The ancient house, a hall facing south between two embattled towers, was built by them about 1459. A view of it "half a century ago" is in Speight's volume on "romantic Richmondshire" (1897).

The more immediate ancestors of Philip Metcalfe settled at the hamlet of Tanton in the large parish of Stokesley-in-Cleveland. His grandfather, Gilbert Metcalfe of that place, had two sons, the younger one, Roger Metcalfe [born 1680, died 5 Jany 1744-5] settling as a surgeon in Brownlow Street, now Betterton Street, Drury Lane, London. He is supposed to have been educated at St. Omer, then and for many years later one of the chief training places of the English members of the Roman Church. He was apprenticed to his uncle a member of the company of Barber surgeons in May 1698 but

was not admitted until 25 May 1710. His date of entry into the livery of the company was the 29 August 1719.

Many of the members of his faith had settled in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane and Roger Metcalfe, first as apothecary and then as "collegiate physician" practised among them during the whole of his life-time. He was an intimate friend of Dryden and when James Radcliffe, third earl of Derwentwater was executed at Tower Hill for his share in the rebellion of 1715, the body wrapped in black baize was conveyed by his friends to Metcalfe's house and embalmed by him. Late in life, it was in 1731, when he was 51 years old, he married Jemima, the elder daughter of sir Philip Astley, of Melton Constable, baronet, a lady 23 years younger than himself. They had three sons, Christopher, Philip and Roger.

Christopher the eldest son, was born in 1732 and died at Hawstead near Bury St. Edmunds on 24 June 1794. This estate, which originally consisted of a house known as the "Walnut Tree" adjoining Fillet's manor on the parish green and some lands, came to him through his marriage with Ellen, the only child of Christopher Barton of West Ham and Bromley St. Leonard, who had purchased it from Mr. Pytches and other small owners in the parish. He greatly improved, almost rebuilding in 1783 with the white-brick made at Woolpit in Suffolk, the old house to which he gave the new name of "Hawstead farm" and he also added to the landed property. His wife died on the 6th March 1775, aged 41 on which day her newly-born son, Philip was christened (he died 1809), but her mother, Margaret Barton, survived until 19 June 1780 aged 88. Four of the daughters of Christopher Metcalfe died before him; another Frederica Sophia, baptised 20 Nov. 1763 married James Mure of Great Saxham, Suffolk on 8 Nov. 1790. His eldest son, Christopher Barton Metcalfe, distiller at West Ham, died on 15 August

1801 aged 42, having devised the estate to his wife who in 1809 sold it to her husband's uncle, Philip Metcalfe. He in his turn bought more land and gave the house the higher-sounding appellation of "Hawstead House." At his death the estate consisted of nearly 600 acres. Views of this house and of the almshouses which he established in the parish are in H. R. Barker's illustrated volume on *West Suffolk*.

This Philip Metcalfe, the second son of Roger Metcalfe, and the younger brother of Christopher, was born on 29 August 1733, at six o'clock in the afternoon, probably in Brownlow Street, christened the same day and named Philip after his grandfather Philip Astley. Like many another younger son he went into trade and in May 1756 was described as merchant in the city of London. In 1763 he and his younger brother, Roger, became partners for a term of 14 years in the old established firm of Bisson and Son, malt distillers of West Ham. About 1773 Roger retired from the firm which was then known as Bissons and Metcalfe and Philip ultimately became the sole owner of the business, carrying it on with great pecuniary advantage until his death. Jeremy Bentham used to repeat the dictum by Metcalfe that "the profit of distillation was only in the distilling duties." It was probably through the association of the Metcalfes of Hawstead with the family of Bisson that the clerical antiquary, sir John Cullum, the historian of Hawstead, became known to, and married at West Ham on the 11th July 1765, Peggy the only daughter of Daniel Bisson of that place.

With this great accession of means Philip Metcalfe became a prominent figure in the social life of London, and of London-upon-sea. His town house was at first in Savile Row; about 1798 he acquired a long lease of 32, afterwards 15, Hill Street and moved into that house. At Brighton he lived at the Old Steyne, in a house not numbered in his day but afterwards known as No. 3. At both places he delighted in

company and in entertaining his friends. His name first appears in connection with Dr. Johnson in 1776. A distinguished company of men, all described with the single exception of Sir William Forbes, as "friends and acquaintances of Dr. Goldsmith" met at dinner at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The Latin epitaph which Johnson had written for poor Goldsmith was the subject of their conversation. General regret was expressed that it was in Latin and some expressions in it were said to be "not delineated with all the exactness" which the author was capable of expressing. As no one dared to appear as the leader of the opposition, the remonstrance was drawn up as is well-known in the form of a round-robin and among the signatures was that of P. Metcalfe, placed between those of R. B. Sheridan and E. Gibbon. On one or two of the names such as Joseph Warton and Edmund Burke, the doctor made a severe comment. But that of Metcalfe passed without observation. At that date he was not prominent enough in Johnson's estimate for a growl.

Johnson and the Thrales were at Brighton in the autumn of 1782 and much with Metcalfe, who had taken, says Miss Burney "an unaccountable dislike to Mrs. Thrale, to whom he never speaks." He declared "aloud and around his aversion to literary ladies" but as he was dry and Fanny was shy "very little has passed between us though he showed a keen desire to converse with me." Fanny pronounced him "a shrewd, sensible, keen and very clever man." Johnson was pleased, to use the words of Boswell, with Metcalfe's "excellent table and animated conversation." Mutual civilities passed between them. One offered the use of his carriage whenever the other liked. The other replied in courtier-like phrase that he had no desire to use it "except when he can have the pleasure of Mr. Metcalfe's company." Metcalfe often took Johnson out for an airing, indeed he was

after "single speech" Hamilton had left, "the only person out of the Thrale's house that voluntarily communicates with him." The gruff old doctor, who was more than ordinarily out of humour at this time, liked Metcalfe, and Miss Burney adds the observation that Metcalfe is "very clever and entertaining when he pleases."

Johnson asked him for his company in a trip to Chichester to see the cathedral and they also visited Petworth and Cowdray "the venerable seat of the lords Montacute. Sir, said Dr. Johnson to him, I should like to stay here four and twenty hours. We see here how our ancestors lived." Metcalfe found so many places of curiosity in the district that Johnson was detained in the country longer than he anticipated and had to write a letter of apology to Mrs. Thrale for his delay in finding his way back to London. It was during this visit to Brighton that Johnson repeated to him the verses from the collection entitled *Pope's Miscellany* (*II.*, 1727, *p.* 237) which contained a prophetic anticipation of the changes in religion of Gibbon as "now Protestant and Papist now," and then "infidel or atheist." It was probably through the closer intimacy brought about by this prolonged stay "at Brighthelmstone" that Johnson was encouraged to ask him not infrequently for money for the relief of those in distress. When Metcalfe offered what Johnson thought was too much the comment on taking less than was proffered was the phrase "no, no, sir, we must not pamper them."

Johnson wrote to Mrs. Thrale in October of the following year that Metcalfe had taken him out for an airing and in April 1784 that two of their friends Metcalfe and Crutchley "without knowing each other are both members of parliament for Horsham." He was one of the mourners who attended Johnson's funeral at Westminster Abbey on 20 December 1784 and his name has been suggested as that of the friend who filled up the blanks of the doctor's

will. Mr. Walter C. Metcalfe, his great grand-nephew possessed a copy of an old edition of South's sermons with the following note on the fly-leaf:

"The gift of Dr. Samuel Johnson as a kind token of affection and remembrance eight and forty hours before he died, Sat. 11th Xber, 1784, when we tog. executed the deed making me his trustee for an annuity to his servt. Fran. Barber of 70 l. per annum. P. METCALFE."

The annuity was secured by a deed of that date, between Bennet Langton and Philip Metcalfe of Savile Row, with George Stubbs of Suffolk Street Charing Cross, solicitor. Langton received £757 10 0 as the consideration money and payment of the annuity was secured, by a deed of even date on certain profits arising from the navigation of the river Wey, in Surrey.

Metcalfe was one of the company which met at dinner at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds on the evening of Johnson's funeral. Burke and Windham were among the guests and it was no doubt at this entertainment that the proposal for a statue to the memory of their departed friend was first mooted. A committee of six, Metcalfe being a member of it, was appointed to collect subscriptions and to make the necessary arrangements for the statue. Four days later Windham met him at dinner in the hallowed rooms of the Mitre, when some distinguished men of science, such as bishop Horsley and Maskelyne, were present. Nearly five years passed away and Windham records in his diary that most of Johnson's chief friends and Metcalfe among them met at dinner at Malone's (29 Nov. 1789) to discuss the proposed monument. In the same month Boswell describes a dinner at sir Joshua's house, with Metcalfe among the guests, to "settle as to effectual measures" about it. A whole-length statue by Bacon would cost £600. Sir Joshua and sir Wm. Scott the executors of their departed friend

were to send out circular letters. "Several of us" writes Boswell "subscribed five guineas each; Sir Joshua and Metcalfe ten guineas each; Courtenay and young Burke two guineas each. Will you not be one of us, were it but for one guinea" is his plaintive appeal to Temple. The delay in its erection had become a scandal. Subscriptions had not poured in on a flood tide and the members of the committee were split into two factions over the selection of the ecclesiastical edifice in which it should be placed.

Further particulars are set out in an article, based on the papers of sir Joseph Banks, now at Sydney, by Prof. Edward E. Morris in *Longman's Magazine* for May 1900, and in the balance sheet of Metcalfe which was kindly communicated to me by the late Mr. R. J. Mure of Lincoln's Inn. A meeting of Johnson's friends was held at Thomas's hotel, then in Dover Street, on 5 January 1790 and it was resolved to continue with the scheme for erecting a monument in Westminster Abbey to his memory. Six hundred pounds were necessary but only a third had been subscribed. The surviving executors, with Banks, Windham, Burke, Malone, Metcalfe and Boswell were appointed a committee to collect the funds.

The committee met twice in March 1791 and a fierce warfare took place between the rival merits of the Abbey and St. Paul's. Burke and Sir Joshua were for St. Paul's and Windham, although originally against it, wrote that on reconsideration he did not see why that building should not be selected. Metcalfe was in favour of the Abbey and Banks vehemently argued for its selection. Malone was asked by letter for his opinion. Next month the committee met again. Reynolds, who for years had been in favour of ornamenting St. Paul's with statues to the illustrious dead, undertook, if sufficient money was not subscribed to defray

the increased expense of erecting a monument in St. Paul's, to provide the balance and Bacon was content to erect it on the faith of this promise. This settled the question. The statue was placed in St. Paul's, near one of the central pillars under the dome.

The total amount received was £957 13 0. The balance sheet begins on 16 April 1790 with "cash received from sundries £569 13 0." Through the influence of Reynolds a contribution of £100 was voted by the council of the Royal Academy on 25 June 1791 towards the erection of the monument but the vote was subsequently disallowed by George III. The actual subscriptions in 1791 included £42 through Samuel Whitbread, £5 5 0 from lord Eliot, £100 from Cadell the publisher, £5 5 0 from Barnard the bishop of Killaloe, £21 through sir W. Scott and ten guineas from Adey, a relative no doubt of Johnson's women-friends at Lichfield. A subscription of £5 5 0 was paid by sir William Forbes through Boswell in 1792 & £10 10 0 apiece came from Percy, the bishop of Dromore, and George Steevens. In 1796 Whitbread paid in a further sum of £50 & so did the Thrale girls. The sum of £5 5 0 was contributed by Mrs. Burke in 1798 and Bacon himself gave four subscriptions, amounting to £35 15 0 in 1799.

The payments to Bacon amounted in all to £927 13 0 and £30 was swallowed up in expenses and in the deduction of two subscriptions of £2 2 0 each, one twice entered, the other marked as returned. The whole story shows the difficulties and differences which may be connected with the erection of a memorial to the illustrious dead if the matter is not pushed to a conclusion at the moment of his death.

For 38 years Metcalfe and Reynolds were on terms of the closest friendship. They dined together at home and elsewhere and Metcalfe used to be one of the guests of sir Joshua,

as the president, at the dinners of the royal academy. He was a friend to men of letters and a liberal patron of the arts and it was through the advice of Reynolds that he bought many of the pictures which formed his collection.

The two friends went for an art tour on the continent in the summer of 1781. Their movements are chronicled by many hands. They left London for Margate in a post chaise at 8 o'clock on the morning of Tuesday 24 July, shipped for Ostend at 4 p.m. on Thursday, and after visiting Ghent arrived at Brussels at 12 on the night of 29 July. Two days later they dined at Mr. Fitzherbert's "with the duke of Richmond and Mr. Lennox and we all behaved very well" but Reynolds left that city with the impression that their host could have done more for them. They supped at lady Torrington's on Wednesday, August 1st and next day they left for Malines; after one night the two went to Antwerp, where they passed several days. Metcalfe informed Malone that Sir Joshua spent several hours in the churches at Antwerp in seeing and examining the works of Rubens, "returning to them again and again."

On parting from those attractive pictures they visited Dordrecht, Rotterdam, the Hague, Leyden and Amsterdam, where they saw many collections, and entered Germany by crossing the Rhine near Dusseldorf. In its gallery, then probably the best collection in Europe, John Thomas Stanley the future baron Stanley of Alderley, a boy of about 15 years old travelling with a tutor, caught a glimpse of them together and recorded the fact for posterity, "Sir Joshua Reynolds being with Mr. Metcalfe, a friend of my father's, and sir Joshua sitting close to a window, pointing out a picture for Mr. Metcalfe to look at." To this gallery they paid frequent visits and Reynolds bears printed testimony to the services rendered by Lambert Kraye, the president of the academy, to the students copying in its rooms. The other places

which they visited were Cologne, Aix la Chapelle, Spa and Liège, and they returned by the same route to England passing through Brussels, Ostend, and Margate and arriving at London at 7 o'clock on the evening of Sunday the 16th September. A little touch at Brussels on the return journey showed Metcalfe's keen observation and sarcastic humour. He remarked that M. Orion was "almost the only gentleman who showed his own pictures, who did not pester us by prating about their merit." From this connoisseur sir Joshua bought Rubens's sketches for the ends of the ceiling of the Whitehall banqueting-house.

Reynolds told his friend on their return that "his own pieces seemed to him to want force." His account of this visit is published in his works. "It contains very valuable remarks on the pictures preserved in the various churches and cabinets which he visited, together with a masterly character of Rubens." It was intended for separate publication, and was to have been dedicated to Metcalfe but this intention was never carried into effect. A portion of the dedication was found by Malone among the papers of sir Joshua, and shall in part be reproduced. "I present [these notes] to you as properly your due: for if I had been accompanied by a person of less taste and less politeness they probably would not have been made . . . To whichever of your good qualities I am to attribute your long and patient attendance while I was employed in examining the various works which we saw, it merits my warmest acknowledgments. Nor is it an inconsiderable advantage to see such works in company with one who has a general rectitude of taste and is not a professor of the art. We are too apt to forget that the art is not intended solely for the pleasure of professors. The opinions of others are certainly not to be neglected, for painters, being educated in the same manner, are likely to judge from the same principles and are liable to the same prejudices."

Sir Joshua wrote several letters to Burke while on this expedition. Of the collection at Dusseldorf he wrote enthusiastically that "Rubens reigns here and revels." He went abroad for another tour in 1783 or 1785. His object then was two-fold. He wished to examine more closely the works of Rubens and to purchase some of the pictures which the ecclesiastical measures of Joseph II. of Austria against the religious and monastic institutions of the Netherlands were forcing into the market. This second investigation of the works of Rubens drove him to the conviction that he had over-estimated their brilliancy. The pictures which passed under the hammer at Brussels tempted him into an expenditure of over £1000. I know not whether Metcalfe accompanied him on this second jaunt; probably he did. The pocket-books of sir Joshua for this tour are missing.

The two friends kept on dining together until the end. They met at dinner at 5 o'clock on Sunday 7 Jany, 1787, when Sir Joshua was due at the reception of Mrs. Vesey at 8, and at the same hour in the evening on Sunday 6 Sept. 1789. Among the guests at the last dinner-party recorded by Leslie and Taylor in their life of Reynolds was Metcalfe. Reynolds died on 23 Feby, 1792, and appointed his three friends, Burke, Metcalfe and Malone, as his executors. To Malone and Metcalfe, with the addition of Boswell and sir William Scott he left "£200 each, to be laid out, if they should think proper, in the purchase of some picture at the sale of his collection, *to be kept for his sake.*" On 17 Jany 1793 his executors forwarded a communication to the empress of Russia requesting her to settle the price of the chef d'œuvre which Reynolds had painted for her and offering her the pictures and drawings which he had collected during the previous thirty-five years. The draught of this document is among the manuscripts of Malone which were purchased

for the Bodleian library in 1878, and as it has never been printed before and everything relating to sir Joshua's life and works never fails to arouse interest, I have inserted it in full.

Madame,

Daignez permettre que Nous (les executeurs testamentaires du Chevalier Reynolds) prenions humblement la liberté de nous adresser à Votre Majesté Impériale.

Il n'est pas possible Madame, en descendant même jusqu'aux actions les plus minutieuses de Votre Majesté Imperiale, (si pourtant il en est qu'on puisse appeller telles,) de lui en rappeller aucune qui ne porte quelques traits de sa propre gloire, et qui dans son ordre ne fasse naître l'admiration et la réconnaissance du genre humain.

Votre Majesté impériale a fait à la fois, le plus grand honneur à la peinture et à notre païs, en accordant celui de sa protection au feü Chevalier Reynolds qui, de son coté, a fait avec zèle, les plus grands efforts pour rendre digne de son auguste Protectrice, et de sa propre réputation, le tableau qu'il fut chargé de peindre pour V : M : imp : C'est sans contrédit le plus grand de ses ouvrages, et son Chef d'œuvre, au gré de nos Connoisseurs ; comme aussi celui qui jusqu' à ce jour, aît donné le plus de lustre à l'écôle angloise.

Quant au prix, Madame ; loin d'en fixer aucun, nous préférerions de le laisser absolument à la générosité de Votre Majesté impériale, quoique nous sachions que le Chevalier eut demandé quinze cent guineés de ce tableau, si n'ayant pas eu la bonheur d'employer son pinçeau au Service de V : M : imp : il l'eut peint pour le Cabinet de quelque Seigneur anglois.

Nous supplions V : M : imp : de vouloir bien pardonner tant de liberté, de notre part ; mais le devoir sacré que nous impose la confiance que le Chevalier Reynolds a reposée en nous, a semblé nous y authoriser.

Nous nous croyons également obligés, Madame, d' informer V : M : imp : que ce grand homme a laissé une collection considérable de tableaux et de dessins, fruits de ses recherches pendant trente-cinq ans, dont ses héritiers veuillent disposer. Comme nous présumons d'après le gout exquis et les connaissances profondes d'un artiste aussi célèbre, que cet assemblage formé à grands fraix, mérite place dans la riche et superbe galerie de V : M : imp : nous lui en faisons humblement la première offre ; Si donc elle juge à propos d'en faire l'achat, nous serons prêts d'obéir aux ordres qu'il lui plaira de nous envoyer à ce sujet.

Souffrez, Madame, que nous ayons l'honneur d'offrir nos hommage

les plus humbles à V: M: imp: et celui de l'assurer que nous sommes avec le plus profond respect,

Madame,
de Votre Majesté Impériale,
les très humbles
et très obéissants Serviteurs

EDMUND BURKE.
EDMOND MALONE.
PHELIPE (*sic*) METCALFE.

Londres, ce 17^{me} Janvier, 1793.

The empress did not avail herself of this offer and Sir Joshua's collection of 411 pictures was sold by Christie in March 1795, when an interesting preface, signed by Burke, Malone and Metcalfe, was prefixed.

It set out that

"The Public has here a Collection, of great Extent and great Variety, of the Pictures of the most eminent Artists of former Ages, made by the most eminent Artist of the present Time. He chose these Pictures as Objects at once of Study and of Rivalship. No Person could do more than the great Man we have lately lost from the Funds of his own Genius; no Person ever endeavoured more to take Advantage of the Labours of others. He considered great Collections of the Works of Art in the Light of great Libraries; with this Difference in favour of the former, that whilst they instruct they decorate. Indeed all his Passions, all his Tastes, all his Ideas of Employment, or of Relaxation from Employment, almost all his Accumulation, and all his Expenditure, had a Relation to his Art. In this Collection was vested a *large*, if not the *largest* Part of his Fortune; and he was not likely from *Ignorance*, *Inattention*, or want of practical or speculative Judgment, to make great Expences for Things of small or of uncertain Value.

The Whole of the within Collection were the entire Property of the late Sir Joshua Reynolds, as witness our Hands,

EDMUND BURKE
EDMOND MALONE } Executors."
PHILIP METCALFE

When sir Joshua's collection "of ancient drawings, scarce prints and books of prints," were sold by H. Phillips

in March 1798, the two surviving executors issued the following :—

"Declaration of the Executors of Sir Joshua Reynolds, deceased.

Concerning the very rare and valable Collection of Drawings and Prints, now offered to the Public; it is unnecessary to say more than that it was formed during a long Series of Years, at a very great Expence, with infinite Care, Taste, and Judgment, by that great Master, as well as Judge, of Art, the late much-lamented Sir Joshua Reynolds. His Executors, however, think it their Duty to add, that the Public may be assured that the Whole of the Collection was his intire Property.

Edmond Malone. } Executors."
Philip Metcalfe. }

There is no record or tradition in the family as to the picture which Metcalfe bought with his legacy. Three pictures by sir Joshua were in his collection and the chief of them was the half-length portrait of a boy, familiarly known as "the studious boy," in a red dress leaning forward on a green cushion and holding a pen. This is said to have been exhibited by him at the British Institution in 1813. It was sold at Christie's at the dispersal of the Metcalfe collection on 15 June, 1850, for 162 guineas to James Lenox of New York, and is now a prominent picture in the Lenox gallery.

The arrangements for the funeral of sir Joshua gave much trouble. The executors wished that the body should be conveyed to the rooms of the Royal Academy in Somerset House on the evening before the interment and that his friends should proceed to the grave from that place. The council agreed at once but Sir William Chambers, then as before a mar-plot in its deliberations, interposed with the objection that such a proceeding was outside the terms of their tenure of the rooms. Through the intervention of Benjamin West this difficulty was surmounted by the direct order of the King and the procession passed on the 3rd of

March 1792 from Somerset House to St. Paul's Cathedral in great state and amid general lamentation.

Metcalfe had asked Bartolozzi to design a card invitation to the ceremony but there was not sufficient time for its preparation. There were 10 pall bearers and 65 armozeen [stout plain silk] black silk scarves, hat bands & silk gloves were provided for the noblemen and other friends. The sum of £67. 9. 0 was spent in hat bands and leather gloves for the servants. There was an allowance of 1*s.* per head for liquor to 27 coachmen and 6*d.* each to 87 tenants. The burial fees at St. Paul's amounted to £44. 7. 5 and the total bill came to £588. 14. 6.

When Burke received from Malone a copy of the first edition of his work on the life and works of sir Joshua, the dying man sent from Bath on 4 May 1797 in reply a long letter, in which he expressed his earnest desire that a monument should be erected to the memory of his friend in the cathedral. This part of his epistle concluded with the remark "You will speak to Mr. Metcalfe about it of course." Many years passed away before these hopes passed into fruition. It was not until 1813 that the monument by Flaxman was erected.

Metcalfe sat to Reynolds for his portrait in July 1780, Feb. 1781 and Feb. 1782. The picture of him which was put up for sale at the dispersal of his pictures on 15 June 1850, was wrongly attributed in the catalogue to Reynolds. It was painted by Battoni at Rome and represents him as a young man in a red coat, with gold embroidery and a white lace cravat. At the sale it was bought in and is now with many other portraits of the family at Hawstead House. They are described in Farrer's volume of "portraits in Suffolk houses, west" 1908.

Some lines said to be the composition of Boswell, were inserted in *Notes and Queries* for 1860. They set out the disgust of several discontented suitors at the marriage of the

opulent Palmeria, sir Joshua's niece, to an Irish peer, Lord Inchiquin. Metcalfe winds up the effusion with a consolation prize :—

> "Ye boobies, cries Metty, pray what do you mean,
> Han't you eyes, can't a Star and a Ribbon be seen?
> Call on me any morning, and each take a Niece,
> Fine pleasant good girls and ten thousand a piece."

Metcalfe's wealth and tastes justified his admission into the ranks of several of the learned societies. At his election as F.R.S. on 4 Nov. 1790 he was described as "conversant in various parts of literature" and his nomination-form was signed by sir Joshua Reynolds, Michael Lort, John Topham, T. G. Cullum and others. When he became a member of the Society of Dilettanti on 5 March 1786 his qualifications for the honour were "amateur and scholar." He was appointed in Jan. 1794 as Secretary to assist sir Joseph Banks, its lord high treasurer "in keeping accounts of forfeitures, dinner-money, etc.," and he held office until Jan. 1808. The society's funds then amounted to £10,000 in reduced three per cent. annuities and £46. 9. 9 in cash. In June 1810 he was one of the members instructed with the duty of examining, and arranging for the restoration of, the society's pictures. On some date between 23 April 1793 and the same day in 1794 he was elected F.S.A.

Metcalfe was returned to parliament in 1784 for the borough of Horsham. The Duke of Norfolk was the patron and the right of election was vested in the burgage-holders. In the next house (1790—96) he sat for the constituency of Plympton. It was the birthplace of Reynolds and it was probably through his medium that Metcalfe was nominated by its ruler, Lord Mount Edgcumbe. At a bye-election on 22 Nov. 1796 he re-entered the house of commons as member for Malmesbury. A petition was presented against his return as there had been against the members returned in the

previous May, but the right of election was declared to be vested in the aldermen and twelve capital burgesses, and Metcalfe was reported as duly elected. The patron of this borough was an apothecary called Edmund Wilkins who paid each capital burgess the retaining fee of £30 per annum. In the parliament of 1802—1806 Metcalfe again represented Plympton. His political career was inglorious. Once, and once only, do I find his name. This is in the diaries and letters of old George Rose, Pitt's right-hand man in corruption. The statesman reports to the place-giver that Metcalfe had brought him a letter from sir J. Honywood "applying for the receivership of Kent either for himself or for his son a child of five years old." Pitt's reflection was "the latter request is ridiculous. I told Mr. Metcalfe I could say nothing at present to the first."

Fanny Burney met him at the house of Miss Monckton, afterwards lady Cork, in Charles street, Berkeley square, in December, 1782. He kept chattering with her "with much satire but much entertainment" until Dr. Johnson found her out and ordered him away. The journal of the life in France from 1783 to 1786 of Madame Cradock, the wife of Joseph Cradock, the Leicestershire squire who fluttered in London Society for some years, was printed in 1896. They were in Paris in the winter of 1785-86 & among their friends were "M. Metcalf and les dames Lascels chez M. Pattle's." One day he called on madame with "un petit pot de beurre de Bretagne, véritable friandise très renommée à Paris"; on another he came with lord and lady Sussex and young Keppel Craven to take tea with her and stayed, playing cards dancing and singing until 11 o'clock. The Cradocks left for Holland in April 1786 when Metcalfe, an experienced observer of foreign life "who had travelled with Mr. Wraxall afterwards well-known as Sir Nathaniel Wraxall" informed them that they would "save five pounds

in the hundred in Holland by carrying dollars instead of the depreciated gold coin of France." They followed his advice and on their arrival at Amsterdam found it to be true.

Windham rode with him and Mrs Lukin round by Cromer in the autumn of 1790 and called on him at Wisbeach on 9 May 1807. Metcalfe's house at Brighton provided many of his literary friends in London with the opportunity of an agreeable sojourn by the seaside. Malone one year stayed with him for three weeks and he brought into the circle some of his Irish acquaintances. One of them praised "la cuisine douce" of the establishment and drew an amusing simile from the vehicles in use in his country, by comparing a fellow-guest with his host "as a well-hung double-springed coach to the wheel part of a jaunting car without springs." Metcalfe generally went to lady Jersey's to whist, making a fourth in the rubber "with Mrs. Stratford and lady Heron her only companions." He and Malone dined one day with "some fine folks"—nowadays it would be with "a smart set"—in the house of Sir Godfrey Webster "who is not a bit depressed by the loss of his wife" from whom he had been divorced some months before and who had now become lady Holland. Nor is his gaiety to be wondered at when we remember the differences of temperament and the large sums of money which he had extracted from his separated spouse. Metcalfe's house at No. 3 South Parade was one of those at which the hon. William Hervey records in his voluminous journals that he rested for some days in 1802. The first public breakfast in the new gardens at Brighton took place on Saturday 13 July 1793, tickets being priced half a guinea each. It was given in the "promenade grove" between Church Street and North street and Metcalfe was one of the fashionable crowd that attended the festivities. He was present also on the birthday 12 August 1794, of the Prince of Wales, when the gardens were illuminated.

Jeremy Bentham met many men prominent in public life, at the dinner parties in Metcalfe's house in London and corresponded with him on public affairs. In response to an enquiry from Brighton on the subject of the *Panopticon* Jeremy sent a doleful answer. It "stands stock still." He had spent £6000 on it and had received less than £2000. "It costs at the rate of more than £2000 a year merely to keep the men together" but some had been discharged and more would follow. Still, "prosperous or unprosperous, sick or well, weeping or exulting, I am dear Phil. ever yours" were the concluding words of the serene philosopher. Jeremy was wont, when Metcalfe was M.P., to make use of him to frank documents to Dr. Parr at Hatton.

Metcalfe, with Burke and John Wilmot, concerted in 1792 a plan for the relief of the distressed clergy exiled from France. The address was drawn up by Burke and inserted in all the newspapers. On 20 Sept. 1792 a committee for their relief held its first meeting at the Freemasons' hall. Wilmot, then M.P. for Coventry, was the chairman and on it were five lay peers, two bishops, thirteen members of parliament, including Metcalfe and Burke, and such prominent men as sir William Scott and Henry Thornton. Charles Butler, a roman catholic, was a member with Wilberforce, an ardent evangelical, and differences of religious opinion did not prevent them from uniting in furthering the interests of the refugees. Before Christmas temporary shelter and food had been provided for nearly 4000 of the ecclesiastics. In two years about £70,000 was collected through this committee. Metcalfe, with two of his colleagues, had several interviews with Pitt and Dundas and during the following years nearly two millions of money were voted by government for the relief of the exiles. Further information on this point is contained in an interesting article in the *National Review* for November 1888.

Towards the close of life the thoughts of Metcalfe reverted to the poor of the parish of Hawstead. In 1811 he built, near its church, six almshouses, "after the design of those in the Lewes road, Brighton," which must often have attracted his attention, "as an asylum and for the perpetual maintenance of six persons who having spent an honest and industrious youth and supported themselves, without assistance from others, should have become through age incapable of continuing in the same course. Thus insuring" says the mural tablet to his memory in the church "to the latest posterity a repetition of acts of rational and useful beneficence, which through life it had been his study to promote." He endowed the institution with £5000 in 3 per cent. consols and printed some rules and regulations for the conduct of its inmates. Each of the six persons dwelling within its walls was to receive £15 a year in money and £5 in firing and clothing, the residue of the income being accumulated to increase the allowances. No one was to sleep away or to omit attending divine Service at the parish church each Sunday, Christmas day and Good Friday, unless ill or excused "by the occupier of the mansion-house of Philip Metcalfe at Hawstead."

About 1806 Metcalfe's eyesight began to fail and for some years before his death he was totally blind. Full of years and honours he died at Brighton on 18 August 1818, and was buried in the north aisle of the parish church of St Nicholas. The marble tablet to his memory was removed and placed with many others, on the west wall of the tower. Another tablet by Bacon, which was placed on the north side of Hawstead church records his name and his munificent gift to the poor of the parish. A chalk sketch of him at the age of 68 was made in 1801 by Edmund Scott, a pupil of Bartolozzi and engraved by William Evans. A copy of his book plate is in the Franks collection at the British Museum. Above

his name is the family's armorial shield of three calves surmounted by a dog. His personalty was sworn as under £400,000, a vast total in those days and his estate at Hawstead was leased in strict settlement upon his great-nephew, Henry Metcalfe. The names of many of his relatives were commemorated on inscriptions in the church of that parish.

THE REVD. JOHN WARNER, D.D.

THE faults of Dr. Warner lay on the surface. They were open to the gaze of the least curious in his circle and even if he possessed the power, he had not the desire to conceal them. His virtues lay beneath the surface, and only his most intimate friends possessed the means of discovering them. His portrait has been painted by two masters of description who were wont to dwell with especial keenness on the weaknesses of English nature. By both John Forster and Thackeray he was selected as the type among the clergy of the easy-going hangers-on of the great, and to the ordinary reader the sentences in which these satirists have pilloried him are the sole recollections of his life which linger in the memory. Warner had a genius for making friends, and early in life attached himself to George Selwyn. For the sake of that wit and his associates poor Warner discharged many duties without receiving any reward for his labours. For many years his means were scanty. Yet through all his days and, in spite of poverty, with undimmed cheerfulness he retained his independence of political judgment, did his duty to his relations and bestowed much kindness on many outside that circle. His tone is on the whole "frank and manly." He does not hesitate at times to express his disapproval of a good deal that he saw in the fashionable life around him. Still, and especially through Thackeray's genius for satiric portraiture, his name has come down to us as the leading example of the clerical "parasite" under the third George.

"Jack" Warner was born in London and probably in

1735. His father, a man of some reputation both in the church and in literature, was the Revd. Ferdinando Warner who claimed to be of the same family with bishop Warner of Rochester but is said to have been educated at a "dissenting academy" at Findern, near Derby, which for many years was directed with great reputation by Ebenezer Latham, M.D. He held the vicarage of Ronde in Wiltshire from 1730 to 1747, became the rector of the London parish of St. Michael, Queenhythe, in February 1746–7, and, through the gift of the dean and chapter of St. Paul's cathedral, held with it from 1758 the rectory of Barnes. He died on the 3rd of October 1768 aged 64, leaving behind him a reputation for preaching and for ability but nothing more substantial. Many years previously he had published the "scheme of a fund for the better maintenance of the widows and children of the clergy, 1752" which had more than once been submitted to the Archbishop of Canterbury and had received some alterations from him. He illustrated in his own case the necessity for such a scheme of assistance, for he left his family without any resource save that which they might receive from his son.

The chief works of Ferdinando Warner in literature related to Ireland. In 1763 he published the first volume, bringing the narrative down to the year 1171, of a history of that country. His preface sets out the assistance which he had received, especially the generous hospitality of Trinity College, when examining the foundation-libraries and the private collections at Dublin. But he was disappointed in his expectations of a grant from the Irish Parliament towards its continuance, and it went no farther. In 1767 he brought out the narrative "of the rebellion and the civil war" which devastated that land. Lecky speaks of this work as "very valuable" and praises him as "a very honest, moderate and painstaking writer." His pen was often in request by the

booksellers of his day and it was recognised by that body that the tasks assigned to him were discharged with labour and judgment. The value of his work is corroborated by the testimony of other writers of the present generation. The rev. J. H. Lupton in his edition of Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* (1895) states that the most noticeable of all the issues of bishop Burnet's translation of that work was the edition appended in 1758 to Warner's memoirs of More. The reprint had been suggested by the bishop's son, the judge of the court of common pleas. Warner was the "reputed author of the *Letters of an Uncle to his nephew*" a work which I have in vain endeavoured to find.

Ferdinando Warner had taken leave of the public as a writer, but with the desire of increasing "the happiness of a vast number of fellow sufferers" he signed at Barnes on 20 Oct. 1767, the preface to a treatise entitled "a full and plain account of the gout" (1768). His first touch of that disease was at the age of 17, and he had made observations on its ways for above 30 years. Many medical practitioners had been known to him. He was well acquainted with Mead, and he praised sir John Hill as "an ingenious man and an excellent botanist" who did himself honour in withdrawing his advertisement of the "Elixir of Bardana" as a specific. Sir Edward Hulse had described the gout as a disorder beyond his understanding; but Warner claimed that he could mitigate its attacks. Opium produced some relief. The Bath waters were very beneficial and Warner often wished that he lived near them. He recommended the practice of early rising and of riding on horseback, in the summer for two or three hours both morning and evening, and in winter in the middle of the day. About 1764 he began to drink whey at dinner and gradually reduced the period during which he was a martyr to the gout from 3 or 4 months to as many weeks. This was

in the autumn of 1767. Next year he was dead, and the comment was that "fate had verified his own observation that arthritic complaints are never to be totally cured." Many letters by him are in the Newcastle correspondence at the British Museum; two are printed among the correspondence of Garrick. His son knew Garrick well and was much attached to the great actor.

"Jack" was admitted at St. Paul's School, London, on 30 March, 1747, at the age of 11, when his father was living on Bread Street hill, and was a Pauline exhibitioner at the school in 1755. Warner, according to F. [no doubt William Frend, who suffered for his opinions at the hands of Jesus College, Cambridge] the writer of his memoir in the *Monthly Magazine* for 1800, pp. 167—9, went from school to Lisbon to be trained in commercial life but soon found the life of a city-office uncongenial to his disposition and returned to England. From 1755 to 1760 he was a Perry exhibitioner from the school to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he had been admitted sizar under the tutorship of the rev. Stephen Whisson, on 6 November, 1754 his father being then resident at Lewisham. His degrees were B.A. 1758, M.A. 1761, and he proceeded as D.D. in 1773. Between 1758 and 1761 he was ordained in the English Church. He had the reputation, says Jack Taylor, of being a "good Greek, Latin, and French scholar."

When the Rev. Dr. James Trail, by his appointment to the bishopric of Down and Connor, resigned his livings of West Ham and Horslydown, Warner was appointed, on 10 October 1765 by the crown to the vicarage of West Ham, and his jovial friend, the rev. Richard Penneck of the British Museum, to the rectory of Horslydown. On this Essex benefice he remained until 1775, and in November 1768 his mother and sisters came to dwell with him in the parsonage house. A good son and brother he bore, for the

sake of those "nearest and dearest to him" many privations, which made subsequent affluence more welcome. To improve his preaching he had studied elocution from Sheridan, the father of Richard Brinsley, though he thought that his tutor could not "exemplify his own very good rules."

While in this suburban village, for such it then was, his lectures from the pulpit were described as "spirited and fervent, and his manners not less striking. His behaviour appeared quite frank and sociable, and indeed he is generally esteemed by his parishioners." Evidently he was acquiring in Essex the gifts and qualities which were fated to give him distinction in the wider circles of the metropolis. From 1776, when the notorious doctor Dodd was appointed to the united rectories of Hockliffe and Chalgrave in Bedfordshire, Warner seems to have done occasional duty at the former parish, and he was residing there in the summer of 1779. When he took up his abode at Hockliffe, George Selwyn sent a kindly description of his character to Lord Ossory, which that peer "found true in all particulars."

Warner's knowledge of Spanish led to his translating for the booksellers one of the leading romances in that language. This was the "history of the famous preacher Friar Gerund de Campazas," the composition of which was declared in the dedication to be the work of Francisco Lobon de Salazar, the name of the parish priest of St. Peter, at Villagarcia. It was in reality written in that town by his friend, Father José Francisco de Isla, a jesuit who, after the expulsion of his order from Spain was exiled to Bologna, and died there in 1781 at the age of 78. This satire was directed against the popular style of preaching, which aimed at attracting the attention of the congregation at the outset through the quotation of a proverb, a popular jest or some pot-house witticism. From the first this romance was eagerly devoured, and the sobriquet of Friar Gerund was at once given to

anyone who indulged in that form of pulpit oratory. Its plan is said to be a resemblance of Don Quixote; its style to be a reminiscence of Rabelais.

The first volume was published in 1758, and eight hundred copies were sold in 24 hours. After two years of uninterrupted circulation this picaresque story came under the condemnation, perhaps the unwilling condemnation, of the Inquisition. The second volume lingered in manuscript for several years. Baretti, the Italian friend of Dr. Johnson, asserted that it was his property, alleging that de Isla had given him "his only copy of this second volume, partly written by a careful amanuensis and partly with his own hand." When it appeared in print for the first time the title-page bore the imprint of *En Campazas*, but this was of course a jest, and Ticknor, the careful chronicler of Spanish literature, adopted, after an examination of the type and the paper, the current conviction that it had been printed in our country. The English translation was published by T. Davies, in two volumes, in 1772; another issue of the same date, purported to have been published at Dublin by Thomas Ewing. A copy at the British Museum which formerly belonged to that omnivorous reader, the rev. John Mitford, editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, contains a few notes in his neat handwriting. This anonymous rendering into English is assigned to Warner by Richard Twiss in his *travels through Portugal and Spain*, 1775, *p.* 442, by the writer in the *European Magazine for* 1800, *p.* 174, by the cataloguer of Archdeacon Wrangham's *English library*, and by F. in the *Monthly magazine*, where it is called "a work to be read by everyone who cultivates the eloquence of the pulpit."*

* It is perhaps worthy of record that a unique MS. of "Fray Gerundio" is in British Museum Addit. MSS. 5888. It was given to that institution on 10 Jany. 1772 by the rev. Richard Penneck, Warner's boon companion.

Warner's opportunity for the full display of that talent in preaching which he had practised in a suburban village of Essex came to him when he acquired the proprietary building of Tavistock chapel, in Broad court off Drury Lane. Many descriptions of his style in oratory have come down to us. One was from his friend, and in some respects his rival, "Jack" Taylor of the *Sun*, who describes him as taking "two oratorical boxes into the pulpit, one filled with virtues and the other with vices," and avoiding the dry doctrine of the theological controversialist. Another is given in that "diary of a visit to England by an Irishman in 1775" which was discovered in a "dusty hiding-place in one of the offices" of the supreme court of New South Wales, and published at Sydney in 1854. The diarist, the Rev. Doctor Thomas Campbell, on the 26 March 1775, heard from Warner's lips for the first time a good specimen of preaching in England. It was an ideal discourse, delivered in the best possible manner, just such a sermon as his hearer would have given "had it been his lot to be a preacher in any great city." Warner had redeemed in Campbell's eyes the honour of his nation. He did not rely solely on his notes. "He makes excursions and unwritten effusions, which prevail over the warmest, the boldest compositions; and then, when he hath exhausted such sentiments as present themselves, he returns to his notes and takes up the next head, according to his preconceived arrangement. By this discreet conduct he avoids the frozen, beaten track of declamation and keeps clear of the labyrinth of nonsense into which those enthusiasts wander, whose vanity or hypocrisy rejects the clue of composition."

George Selwyn, the friend whom Warner served with such absolute devotion, testifies to his great congregation at Tavistock chapel and his many admirers. Personally he was not one of them. Warner had preached in his chape

at Matson, his estate near Gloucester, "and the neighbourhood flocked to hear him but his style and manner," says Selwyn, "were very different from my ideas of pulpit eloquence. He intended by his intimacy with Garrick to improve them, but it has to my impressions had a very different effect. I love great simplicity in everything, but most in reading and preaching." Richard Warner, of Bath, no relation of our Doctor, narrates in his work describing the chief excursions from that city (1801) that he found the parishioners at Stourton still mindful of his namesake's "impressive pulpit eloquence, his kindness of heart and courtesy of manners." The doctor passed much time at Stourton in the company of sir Richard Colt Hoare, to whom he was indebted for his presentation to the living in 1790. He charmed all persons with his society, for few "equalled him in companionable gaiety." It mattered not in what circle he moved. He was the delight of the guests in the dining-room, and after he had taken his "usual" quantity of wine, "he would descend into the servants' hall with his pipe to which he was addicted and pour out with his vigorous puffs the finest strokes of wit and brightest scintillations of conceit."

"Jack" Warner used to pay frequent visits to Hampshire, dividing his favours between two houses, noted for their hospitality, near Christchurch. One of them, The Priory, belonged to a well-known antiquary called Gustavus Brander. The other, Stourfield House, about three miles from that town had been built for his own abode by Edward Bott, who published in 1771 a "collection of cases relating to the Poor laws." Brander's entertainments were moderate in style and broke up in reasonable time. Those of Bott were protracted far into the night and the wine flowed freely. Warner had consented to preach one Sunday morning at Christchurch and the news spread throughout the parish.

It was known that he was stopping with Bott, and the character of his host's parties was common gossip in the neighbourhood. By service time, the fact that a party of the usual character, lasting far into Sunday morning, had been given by Bott, was the open secret of every member of the congregation. But it was concealed from them that Warner had retired "unharmed in decorous time to his apartment." His appearance in the pulpit was therefore eagerly expected. Punctual as clockwork he mounted the stairs and delivered a "beautiful and touching discourse on the story of the Shunamite woman and her son." At the close of the service many of those present crowded around the preacher with expressions of delight on the sermon. But one old dame who had not forgotten the details of the debauch at Bott's muttered, "Ey, ey—the sarmant was a fine one to be zure; and when I heard un in the pulpit, I thought he wur an angel, but when I hears his rigs out o't, I thinks he is a devil."

Campbell was astonished to find that "according to the custom of London" a duly-ordained clergyman could by a licence from the bishop perform divine service in a chapel which had been built as a speculation. He erred in the statement that the custom was peculiar to this diocese, for proprietary chapels could be found in other cities where wealthy and fashionable congregations met together, and notably at Bath. The preacher's income would be drawn from the pew-rents, and in Warner's case they would bring "a goodly revenue," for Tavistock chapel was "capacious of the square figure, and well-filled." Campbell afterwards learnt that Warner had sold the building for four thousand five hundred pounds, and he naïvely pens the reflection, "so these shops for preaching are bought and sold like other warehouses or theatres." It has been said that the purchase was made by the rev. John Glen King, D.D., who had held the position of chaplain at St. Petersburgh, and the date of

the transaction has been given as 1786. But that year is probably incorrect, for Selwyn, writing in 1781 fixed Warner's income "at about four hundred pounds a year . . . . the greatest part is the interest of some money in the funds, saved when he was a preacher at Tavistock chapel, which was a very beneficial occupation to him."

It is with George Selwyn that we chiefly connect the name of our Doctor, and many of the "most agreeable letters" in Jesse's collection of that wit's correspondence were written by him, including one in French to M. Garenne, the landlord of the hotel at Montreuil. They can be supplemented by Selwyn's letters to Lord Carlisle in the appendix, part VI. to the fifteenth report of the historical manuscripts commission. He was Selwyn's junior by about 17 years, and "dear George" was nearing sixty when their friendship is first recorded in print. From Warner's first letter written at Padua in August, 1778, it would seem that Selwyn and he had travelled from London to Milan together, and had just parted. Padua was a delight to him, and Selwyn must join in his joy. True that the "grass grows in the streets," but how much better was that than the noise of the "unruly rabble" of Milan. Later in the month he was at Venice, when he gives an amusing account of John Strange, the British Resident, and from the Grand canal saw the city in all her beauty.

"Howard, of Bedford, the jail man," whose acquaintance he must have made at Venice, had just left that city, and this passing reference is of some importance in the life of Warner for a few years afterwards he was conspicuous in starting a movement for honouring the career of that philanthropist. A little later in 1778 Warner is found in Paris, where he was playing the spy in Selwyn's interest upon some lady. There he stayed prattling in his letters to Selwyn on the literature and politics of the day until early in April 1779. One of his sisters was with him for we learn that

through the arguments of a priest at the church of St. Eustache, she had become a convert to roman catholicism. Warner was not displeased—"all the portion she asks is only my picture on a snuff box," he says, but he supposes that he "must make a little addition and put something in the box"—for when she took up her abode in a nunnery there would be a larger share of his small means for each of his other sisters and his nephews. That he did not attach much importance to differences in religious observances may be realised from the statement of "Jack" Taylor (*records of my life, Vol. I.*, 177-8) that he was one of the company at dinner with the Rev. Richard Penneck in his rooms at the British Museum, who agreed that a Roman catholic priest might accept from Mr. Townley, himself a Roman catholic, the offer of a "good benefice" in the English church which was in his gift. The priest is said to have been duly instituted, to have become "a favourite preacher with his congregation and to have performed his duties with exemplary zeal and piety."

At the beginning of April, 1779, Warner was once more in England, in his bachelor's den at Barnard's Inn, on the south side of Holborn, and one of his first acts in London was to endeavour to see the corpse of poor Miss Ray at the Shakespeare Tavern, so as to send Selwyn an account of it but he "had no interest with her keepers and could not get admittance for money." He had therefore to content himself by forwarding some details of Hackman, her murderer. Later on, however, he saw Hackman's dead body a "fine corpse" at Surgeon's Hall, and found him a "genteel, well-made young fellow of four and twenty."

In his "little cabin," as Warner called his rooms in Barnard's Inn or in his country residence in Bedfordshire, his life ebbed away, in social enjoyment, in preaching, and in the performance of kind acts. He loved good living and his game

at cards and he did not demur, when he had finished his Sunday duty, to pass to the pleasures of the table and to the rubber at whist with bolted doors, that followed. "Ay sir!" he cries to Selwyn in impassioned language, "that game of whist of an evening, and its events, is a vast thing. Last night, by a lucky deal, I gave myself eight trumps, and my partner the other five. I won the first trick and led a trump, when, upon my adversary on the left hand renouncing, his partner (a grave divine with a large black wig, and a solemn face with a pipe stuck in it), gave with an impetuosity which made him drop his said pipe that had been newly lighted, a 'what!' of such sharp, shrill astonishment, that you could not but have laughed at it if present, and have remembered it in future."

His friends allowed that he was a prodigious smoker and that in his rooms he was rarely seen without a pipe in his mouth. In that pastime they could even claim for him equality with the other whig doctor of divinity, Dr. Parr. But they insisted that he was a gourmet in eating and not given to excess over his wine. Some of the more enthusiastic of his friends went beyond these assertions. The chronicler in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January 1800 laid down that Warner was "moderate to an extreme at the table and equally abstemious at the bottle; a book and a pipe and cheerful conversation (in which he eminently excelled) were his supreme delight." Against this must be set Warner's own account to Selwyn of his dinner with Henry Hoare of the banking family and Philip Champion Crespigny, King's proctor and M.P. for Sudbury, a wit and diner-out. "The whim took them, as it sometimes will, to have a blackguard scheme of dining in my cabin, and ordering their dinner; and a very good one they had: mackerel, a delicate neck of veal, a piece of Hamborough beef, cabbage and salad, and a gooseberry tart; and when they had drunk the bottle of white wine, and of port, which accompanied the dinner, and

after that the only double bottle of Harry's claret that I had left, I found in an old corner (as they could not again descend to port, or, as the boys at Eton call it, black-strap) one of the two bottles of Burgundy which I took from your cellar when you gave me the key of it; and, by Jove! how they did abuse my modesty, finding it so exquisite, that instead of two I did not take two dozen. But having no more, we closed the orifice of the stomach with a pint of Dantzic cherry-brandy, and have just parted in a tolerable state of insensibility to the ills of human life." On another night he dined at Camberwell at the house of sir Claude Crespigny, "Phil's elder brother." His comment was "An immense dinner and an ocean of claret!" (*George Selwyn and his contemporaries, by J. H. Jesse*, 1844, *IV.*, *pp.* 131–2, 365).

Warner varied such entertainments by trips on horseback into the country. We find him at one time amid the pleasant fields of Warwickshire. At another he was on a visit to his cousin, George Warner, who lived at Milton near Abingdon, and there through "mauvaise honte" he caught a "most terrible cold." Next month (November 1779) when recovered from this illness he went a-hunting, his horse fell into a ditch "and dashed his rider against the opposite bank." So he was again in bed at Milton, with what might be "a broken rib" and with the news that his old uncle, who had predicted his own death for ten years, had died at last and without leaving him "sixpence to buy a stick of the black wax" with which his letter was sealed. On a third occasion he journied to Scrivelsby in Lincolnshire the seat of Dymoke, England's champion, and with the head of that family he must have been on very friendly terms, as he held from August to November 1777 the vicarage of Scrivelsby. This was the expedition on which "the brilliant and magnificent exploit of leading a lame horse with a pair of panniers an hundred and sixty miles in five days, was

achieved,—not without some suffering of the hero, or it would not have been worth recording." On that expedition, each night that he stopped at an inn, the landlord, "put me into a common room, with my brethren of the bag, who (as these fellows have all their walks like the cock-robins, and are as jealous of interference,) were presently solicitous to know what I dealt in;—"a very light commodity," was the answer; which was repeated until it grew stale to myself, and which produced many ingenious guesses: but with the dark saying I was obliged to give the interpretation, and tell them I meant *words*, which, as they found I was no competitor, was a good joke, and we sat down very sociably, and settled the affairs of the nation." He had his joke on his arrival. He came to Scrivelsby on a Friday evening. "Why! because I know it is a trick of my old friends the neighbouring parsons, to hold a convocation on Saturdays, —as we shall do to-morrow,—and then for whist, backgammon, and tobacco, till we can't see, hear, or speak! By this trick of their's hangs a tolerable tale. Roger the servant of one of them, who is not remarkable for the happiest enunciation, asked Humphrey, the servant of another, what the deuce could be the meaning that their masters met so on *Saturdays*, of all days? "Why! what do'st think, fool," cried Numps, archly, "but to change sarmunts among one another?"—— "Neay, then," said Roger, "I'm zure as how they uses my measter very badly, for he always has the worst." Another visit was to Blundeston in Suffolk, presumably to Blundeston House, at that time occupied by Norton Nicholls, the friend of Gray. Warner would find in him a parson of congenial habits and a fellow-traveller who had seen many cities. The house and grounds formed one of the chief interests in the life of Nicholls, and to their beautifying he devoted his time and his money. (*George Selwyn and his Contemporaries, by J. H. Jesse*, 1844, *IV.*, *pp.* 244-6.)

Warner's deeds of kindness and sympathy were undoubted. He was exerting himself at one period in his life for the benefit of his nephew. At another time he was flying "directly across country" from Hockliffe to Eton to help a friend's son "now in his last year and with a certainty of King's" who had got into a scrape and was threatened with expulsion. He was full of anxiety in an attempt to secure the post of governess in an English family of quality for a poor Frenchwoman aged 50. In October 1787 he sped from Gloucester to Bath to attend the remains of "his poor departed friend, sir Richard Hoare, to their place of rest at Barnes, in Surrey." When he returned to England about 1794 and took up his abode in Clerkenwell, he witnessed the distress brought upon that district by the watch tax, and exerted himself to the utmost extent to relieve the necessities of the poor workmen around him. He was one of a small set of four persons, three of them being clergymen, who recognised that individual help by small doles was of no avail, and consequently united their resources in order that they might be able by their collective offerings to render effective help to any worthy person in distress. Many good offices were done by and through their co-operation. Penneck of the British Museum was the survivor of these Samaritans.

His kindly jocularity broke out in the lines to Mademoiselle Fagnani, the child that Selwyn and some other rakes of the period claimed the parentage of, on her eighth birthday. The opening lines

> "The morn that gave to Mie Mie birth
> Provokes the dullest son of earth,
> Provokes a snail, prosaic creature!
> To try for once, to crawl in metre"

are a sufficient specimen of his efforts in poetical compliment. He himself must have thought well of the effusion, for afterwards he signs some of his letters and speaks of himself as

the "poor snail," "snail," or "your loving snail." He rushes off to the duke of Queensberry, another of the claimants of the child's being and reads to him Selwyn's letter on Mie Mie. But it was perhaps not the first occasion on which he had wearied "old Q" with such strains, for by his want of interest in the communication the Doctor rushed away in a huff.

Warner's name crops up repeatedly in the letters of George Selwyn in the Carlisle manuscripts. The peer was very grateful for the services which Warner had rendered to him and Selwyn was very anxious that the doctor should receive some preferment in return for his exertions. The witty George with his great talents and abundant acuteness, had formed a just opinion of his friend's literary style and of his character. He loved "too much ornament in his writing." The letter which he had written to lord Carlisle was so full of compliments that it had been torn up, and conciseness had been recommended. "Parsons, University men and Templars," says Selwyn in his jargon of French and English, "*renvoyent bien loin la simplicité* and when they would talk agreeably or write to obtain approbation give you such a hash of all their reading and such quaint compliments as make me sick. But one ought not to be angry with them. *C'est le ton du corps* and when you would set them right you have *leur esprit à decroter* before you can make them comprehend that all their attempts to be notable are ridiculous." But Warner was a perfectly honest man, "uncommonly human and friendly and most actively so." He had too great a flow of spirits for his profession; "there is more buckram in that than he can digest or submit to. The archbishop who has been applied to in his favour by the late Mr. Townshend said he was too lively, but it was the worst he could say of him." Lord Bessborough had on one occasion rendered him an essential service and held him in great

esteem. The banking family of Hoare, whose head as the squire of Barnes, had known the circumstances of the family for many years, had assisted him and with such help Warner had "been able to support his mother and his nearest relations whom his father, with a great deal of literary merit had left beggars."

If the doctor could only get a piece of preferment that would add two or three hundred pounds a year to his income he would be of all men the most happy. Ireland existed at this moment for the benefit of impecunious Englishmen and Selwyn suggested that some preferment in that country, which he might afterwards exchange, should be bestowed upon him. If Selwyn's own benefice of Ludgershall were vacant, he would not ask for Carlisle's services. But the present incumbent was his relation, whom he had brought into the church with the hope of preferments from him. Otherwise he would certainly have given Warner that living and have consigned his kinsman to the good offices of Mr. Townshend.

All this was written in the January and February of 1781. Next month Warner was to set off to Aix to "conduct home the Dowager Countess of Carlisle, a lady of very whimsical character," who was infatuated with an adventurer styling himself a German baron. In June he was with her in France and ere the summer was out had returned to his own land. The letters which he wrote during one of his expeditions to meet that countess were "highly diverting" but were so free in their nature that when the rev. Richard Penneck, the jovial superintendent of the reading-room at the British Museum had read them to "Jack" Taylor after a tête-à-tête dinner they were "successively committed to the flames."

It would seem that in the late autumn of 1781 Warner was working for peace between France and England. He was to

set out for that country on the 3rd of October, "in company with Messieurs de la Borde and de Comeyras. Lord North was for detaining them longer on account of this experiment. Many" said Warner "have been in treaty for the secret." Late in October Warner was at Versailles, writes Selwyn in his mixture of languages, on "the day of the *accouchement de la Reine*. They are preparing a great *fête pour les relevailles* and the shops are filled with things *à la Dauphine*. They talk much there of peace."

On the morning of the 13 November 1781 Selwyn received a visit from Warner. It had taken him exactly a week to pass from Paris to London and he had come in high spirits. Selwyn hoped that he would make no more excursions "for although he is more a cosmopolite than any man I ever knew, yet I think as the Maréchal de Biron once said to me *on n'est jamais bien que chez soi*."

Selwyn continued to think of Warner's interests. They dined together in the following February with Fawkener, a son of sir Everard Fawkener, the jolly old postmaster-general, at the house of Crespigny and the dinner was pronounced "a very agreeable one indeed." "You will not forget," continues Selwyn in his accustomed jargon, "Warner, I hope, when the opportunity comes *à fin qu'il soit dans le cas d'en tirer de sa propre cave*." Next month he again expresses his wish to lord Carlisle that he may not leave office before the "occasion will happen to serve poor Warner." Alas, it was too late; the time had slipped away. But the doctor bore his misfortune like a man. "Poor Warner!" writes Selwyn in ten lines of English without a word of French "He is very cheerful and declares with great generosity of mind and justice to you [lord Carlisle] that he shall not complain of his lot; he is persuaded that if you could help him you would, and that there are disappointments which a man must reconcile himself to."

"Howard of Bedford, the jail-man" and Warner met again in the streets of Rome in the early spring of 1786. A letter from Warner under the disguise of "Anglus" and with the date of 21 May was circulated in private and inserted in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for that year (1786, *pt i*, 359—60). It proposed the erection of a statue of Howard in commemoration of his efforts to help unfortunate humanity. The proposal was adopted at once by Lettsom, the benevolent physician, and John Nichols, the printer, and by the 22nd of November the subscription for the statue amounted to £1418. 17. 6. The design was however checked by a letter from Howard, penned at Venice on 15 December. His modesty forbade the erection of such a monument and the scheme was abandoned.

The list of subscribers printed at this date showed promises amounting to £1512. 7. 6. Some of them withdrew their offers but the balance, by far the larger proportion of that total, was duly paid and invested in the funds, in the names of Lettsom, Warner & Nichols. Various propositions were put forward by which the money could be usefully employed, and the sum of £200 was appropriated towards relieving persons confined for small debts. Their liabilities were small indeed, for with that sum no less than 55 debtors were set free. On Howard's death the original scheme was revived and an agreement for a statue of him was concluded with John Bacon on 3 Feby. 1792. It was unveiled on the 23rd Feby. 1796 and was the first memorial of that kind placed in St. Paul's Cathedral.

This monument led to the friendship of Warner with the Swan of Lichfield. Its erection attracted universal attention, both in the journals of the day and the separate productions of the industrious poetasters. Among these ephemeral pieces was one printed anonymously and entitled "The Triumph of benevolence occasioned by the national design of erecting a

monument to John Howard" which Warner thought he had identified as the composition of Miss Seward. This was an error; the lines were by Samuel Jackson Pratt, a still more dreary bard in that generation, who sets out in his "Gleanings" vol I p. 226 et seq. a long conversation with Howard on the subject. As a consequence of this erroneous belief the Swan of Lichfield and the Hermit of Barnard's Inn were drawn together and soon became friends. "The ingenious, benevolent and energetic Dr. Warner" the lady required at least three epithets for an ally, passed a few days in Lichfield in the autumn of 1786. From that year until March 1791 they corresponded and Warner sent her some "delightful letters," which no doubt contained many a stratum of flattery. Silence then ensued but Miss Seward still thought of her friend. She enquired of everybody about him. "Nobody tells me where he is" was her exclamation in November of 1794.

Through this friendship the Doctor was admitted into the circle surrounding William Hayley, her colleague in the art of puffery. Mr. Alfred Morrison was the proud owner of the rough copy of a letter and notes, seven and a half quarto pages in length, which that poet sent in 1786 to Warner on the subject of John Howard's statue. This subject was the beginning of their intimacy and as Warner loved to enjoy the friendship of others he retained the acquaintance until his death. In April of the following year Hayley came from his retreat in Sussex to stay with his new friend in the rooms at Barnard's Inn. The poet's favourite term for them was the "cell"; the pet title for his host was "dear rambling divine." At one time it looked as if this place of retreat would be lost to him, but fortunately the fire caused by the Gordon riots stopped at the next door. In these rooms Warner every morning, between six and seven, made breakfast for him and for Romney the painter. On one occasion Warner

took lord Thurlow to Romney's studio and he proved a very good friend to the artist. On another his eloquence brought George Selwyn to see Hayley who "was much pleased with the courteous old man."

Later in that year of 1787 Hayley on another visit to London took rooms, "airy and tranquil," immediately over Warner's set. He was again under the same roof with his friend during the winter of 1788—89, when the object of his visit to London was to encourage and assist Romney. When Hayley brought out in 1789 his novel of "The young widow or the history of Cornelia Sedley," his agent with the bookseller was Warner, who displayed such business faculty in the transaction that the author received the sum of £200 for his manuscript. Needless to say that the purchaser lost by his bargain.

Warner, "the studious and sprightly," was in need in June 1789 of a change to quiet country life and Hayley fitted up a "cell" for him in a gardener's old quarters. "That room having been cleaned and whitewashed makes a most cheerful and quiet apartment for a studious hermit, and there the good doctor" writes his host "is now settling himself to read and write about ten hours a day." Unfortunately for his health he abandoned the use of tobacco and wine, in imitation of Hayley who remonstrated in vain, for "both had contributed not a little to his excellent health and to his florid and comely appearance." A "low obstinate fever" was the result of this precipitate experiment and the recluse speedily repaired to London to resume his old habits. While sojourning in this retreat of Eartham he was wont to preach in its parish church to an audience augmented by the attraction of his sermons. Hayley's experience of this intimacy emphasised his conviction that "Warner was pleasant and useful in no common degree. He was a good classical scholar, and perfectly master

of the three attractive modern languages, French, Italian and Spanish."

Warner went to Paris in 1790 to attend, in the position of domestic chaplain, lord Gower, afterwards the marquis of Stafford, who was then the english ambassador at Paris. He had been recommended for the post by his old friends and patrons lord Carlisle and George Selwyn and some of the wits afterwards insinuated that this was a manœuvre of the opposition. Romney, too, may have taken part in the recommendation, for lord Gower's father had been very friendly with the artist and he had painted for the ambassador himself "that wonderful picture of his dancing children" which formed the chief glory of the art-treasures at Trentham.

Warner pressed upon his friends his eagerness to see them in the French capital. Three of them, Romney, Hayley and the rev. Thomas Carwardine, met at Eartham in July 1790. They crossed from Brighton to Dieppe and arrived by slow stages at Paris on the 31st of that month. But they did not go by themselves for the parson was the only member of the trio "unaccompanied by a fair but unwedded companion." Their friend received them most cheerfully in the rooms in the Hotel de Modène which he had provided for their accommodation. They stayed for three weeks and Romney through the kindness of Madame Sillery, afterwards Madame de Genlis, was gratified by seeing the famous pictures of the duke of Orleans, in the Palais Royal, in which establishment she held the position of governess. They visited the studios of David and Greuze and in their turn entertained those artists at dinner. David also took them to the Luxembourg to study the Marie de Medicis series of Rubens.

Carwardine's friends included Romney, Hayley, Cowper, Opie and Richard Cumberland. His tastes were for art and his sister Penelope, Mrs. Butler, was famous for her miniatures, but on the advice of Thurlow he was ordained in the

english church. His wife was Ann Holgate, the heiress of Colne Priory and he held the livings of Earls Colne and Little Yeldham, in Essex and a prebendal stall at St. Pauls. Romney's pictures of him and his wife are famous. Their descendant was Mrs. Gilchrist whose husband wrote the lives of Blake and Etty.

Selwyn had a letter from Warner on the 23rd of August, 1790, when he thought it probable that war might be declared by France against England. Four days later he heard that Warner might be expected in England in about three weeks time. In September came the news that he could not leave the hotel de Monaco until the 20th of that month, and that he was full of chagrin at the course which events had taken. Warner as a strong Whig in politics had sympathised with the destruction of the Bastille and, unlike a good many of his associates in politics, he did not allow the excesses that followed to have a material effect upon his opinions. Towards the close of October news came to Anthony Storer, another of the little set that attached themselves to lord Carlisle, that he had been dismissed from his post. "What was the ground of their misunderstanding" he writes to lord Auckland, "I know not." Definite news on this point soon arrived. He had been deprived of his office because he had delivered from the pulpit of the embassy chapel in the rue St. Dominique a sermon in which he justified the proceedings of the Revolution.

Through Selwyn's friendly offices, who knew them both, Warner had long been on friendly terms with Robert Gem, the english physician to the embassy. They were both of them economical in their habits and careful in guarding against the advent of evil days. They were rivals, but friendly rivals, in serving the interests of Selwyn. So far back as 1778 Warner was apprehensive lest Gem should suspect him of endeavouring to divert the favour of Selwyn.

In 1790 William Huskisson, the grand-nephew of Gem, was staying with him in Paris for the purpose of studying medicine. He was introduced by Warner to lord Gower and a glowing account was given of his merits. Huskisson was quickly appointed to the post of private secretary to the ambassador, abandoned the study of medicine and went to live in the house of his official master. Thus began a friendship of 40 years, which proved of the highest use to Huskisson in his subsequent career.

Hayley tried to use Warner's influence in the French capital for his literary advantage. He began in January 1791 the composition in the French language of a comedy in five acts "les préjugés abolis" which he hoped that his friend might be able to get on the boards of the théâtre français, but it was never produced. Warner's affection for Selwyn led him in the following April to write to his old friend John Nichols for insertion in the *Gentleman's Magazine* a long letter stating that from his friendship with Selwyn for forty years—this must be an exaggeration—he could contradict the current belief propagated in the pleasantries of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams and lord Chesterfield, that Selwyn delighted in attending executions. He had never in his life attended but one and that rather accidentally from its lying in his way than from design. A subsequent communication from P. T., the initials of the notorious Philip Thicknesse, stated that the solitary execution was that of Damiens who was broken on the wheel in March 1757 for attempting to assassinate Louis XV. Later in life Warner seems to have receded from this statement. Francis Grose, the Falstaff among antiquaries, records in his "Olio" the doubt of Warner whether Selwyn "ever purposely went to *three* executions in his life." That a love of the gruesome existed in Selwyn's mind is above dispute.

It was in the month of August 1791 that Thicknesse met

the doctor in Paris. He was then on the point of returning to England to take up his residence on the rectory of Stourton which had been conferred on him by his warm friend sir Richard Colt Hoare. He did leave Paris to cross to the shores of Albion but an embargo was laid on him just as he arrived at Boulogne and he prudently did not draw on him the observation of the authorities by any attempt to depart from France. He took up his abode "in a village about two leagues from Boulogne" where he stayed in strict retirement until the tyrannous days of Robespierre had passed over.

A glimpse of Warner under the Revolution is given to us in a little volume entitled "leisure-moments in the camp and in the guard-room, by a veteran British officer" which was printed at York in 1812. The dedication to Francis Wrangham is signed J. F. N. and a previous owner of the copy in the library of the British Museum gives the author's name as Neville. He was according to his daily custom taking an early morning walk "on the memorable twenty-first of June" in the Tuileries gardens when he met La Fayette on his milk-white steed, attended by his usual crowd of admirers in a state of more than usual excitement. Neville hastened to convey to Warner the news that the Royal Family had escaped from their jailers but it was not received in the spirit that he expected. The doctor exclaimed "Damn the Miscreants! Have they escaped? well, that they may be brought back to Paris before evening and be guillotined before to-morrow morning, are the two wishes next to my heart."

Warner was introduced by this friend to the author Mercier, presumably Louis Sebastien, and was taken by him to dine at Mercier's rooms at Mont Rouge. Neville asserts that Warner "could not speak a single word of French," a statement which seems incredible considering the number of occasions on which he had visited the continent, the testimony of

other friends and that he had to act as interpreter. Guest and host agreed admirably in their principles and prejudices and the doctor "who was a great gourmet" was delighted with the Burgundy which was set before him but alas! he was summoned back to the embassy before the repast was over. For "three long English miles" did Warner and Neville trudge back through the pouring rain, but "nothing could damp the Chaplain's ardour" while he expatiated on his new friend's "easy manners, refined ideas, and above all his politics." Neville dwells on the doctor's subsequent detention at Boulogne for eighteen months and declares that he recanted his opinions. But this too cannot be accepted without great reserve. It was during this enforced sojourn in France that Warner sent to the *Gentleman's Magazine* the two lively letters of portentous length, which open its volume for the first half of 1792. He advocated a subscription for the best English imitation of Juvenal's eighth satire, and hoped that England and France would unite their efforts to bless the world by the arts of peace. His conclusion was a poem "When Reason now at heaven's command," a parody of Thomson's Britannia.

Some years before this time Warner fell under the lash of that once-famous satirist, Mathias. In one of his frank moments he spoke of the anonymous author of the "Heroic epistle [in verse] to Dr. Watson" as a vile poetaster and imitator of his friend Macgreggor, the pseudonym of the rev. William Mason, the poet and friend of Gray. This reached the ears of the virulent Mathias who thereupon in his "Heroic address in prose" to the same Doctor spoke of the depreciator of his poetic merits as "commonly known by the name of J——k W——r, a d—mn'd clever fellow at college. The suspicion however has now subsided. He affects to give himself airs because George Augustus Selwyn . . . chose him for his companion in a tour to

France and Italy." This did not exhaust the abuse. He quoted as applicable to Warner, the sentence of Gray on Eusden, once poet-laureate. "Eusden was a person of great hopes in his youth, though at last he turned out a ——." The words in the original are "drunken parson," and the reference seems to me a hit below the belt.

In 1797 our Doctor published without his name a little work, issued at 3*s.* sewed, with the grand title of "Metronariston, or a new pleasure recommended in a dissertation upon a part of Greek & Latin prosody." He had been drawn to a study of the subject by a chance walk with "a learned ecclesiastic at Rome" in the Campo Vaccino, the old Forum, and the Via Sacra. In the latter quarter the priest naturally quoted the Horatian line "Ibam forte via sacra, sicut meus est mos" and quoted it with a "quantity too new and pleasing to my ear to be passed unnoticed." Through his old friend, John Nichols, the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the brochure was reviewed in that periodical [March 1797 p. 232] as endeavouring "with much good sense & great pleasantry wholly to explode the present long-established doctrines of *quantity* and *accent* and apparently with very great success." Warner wished, to use his own words, that Greek and Latin verses should be read "with a strict observance of the *Measure*, or as we commonly call it, the *Quantity* of the syllables." The dedication, a wordy dedication of twelve pages, to Jacob Bryant, the well-known classical scholar, was signed "a disciple of Mekerchus" and prefixed to the volume was a portrait of that worthy. Thereupon the editor of that journal inserted in the April number an account of Mekerchus and a reproduction of his portrait. His name was Meetkercke, derived from an estate almost half-way between Bruges and Blankenberghe. This was possibly the estate with a glorious mediæval barn, about a mile from the station, and about the same distance from

the famous church of Lisseweghe, the tower of which rears itself aloft over the dunes of that coast. Meetkerke died in London in 1591.

The question which Warner discussed in this tract was the subject of much controversy in the reign of the third George and this little treatise attracted the attention of that age's chief classical scholars. Payne Knight, one of the Holland House and Edinburgh Review set, wrote that he had perused it "with equal delight and satisfaction" and bore witness to the "learning and ingenuity employed upon so dry a subject and enlivened by so much wit and humour." Uvedale Price, a country gentleman and neighbour of Payne Knight, and like him a devotee of classical literature, in his "essay on the modern pronunciation of the Greek and Latin languages" praised it for "many just remarks and apt examples and illustrations which I have freely made use of" but censured the absence of plan and its style "as diffuse and full of singularities." George Dyer puts on record that Matthew Raine, one of the greatest heads of Charterhouse, "adopted much of this theory of Metronariston into the Charterhouse school" and Thomas Green, the author of an obsolete "diary of a lover of literature" which enjoyed abundant popularity in its day confessed (p. 209) that the arguments of Warner had convinced him, but that the book was "teasingly written." The reviewer in the *British Critic* for Sept. 1797, speaks of the style as defying "all description, rambling beyond example, continually aiming at wit or humour, with the unhappiest effect" and pronounces the dedication to Jacob Bryant "written, if possible still worse than the book."

In our time, just two years ago, T. S. Omond, in a valuable work on "english metrists" (pp. 83-84) refers to his predecessor's volume as "ascribed to a Dr. John Warner, whom I cannot otherwise identify," who pokes fun all round, even at such venerable names as Bentley, Handel and Horsley. The

book he goes on to say, "is a medley of sense and nonsense, the latter largely predominating, since his fundamental position is that we cannot accentuate a short vowel, without lengthen-it! But the wit and versatility of the writing make it unique among the dreary tomes of this controversy."

Mathias again fastened on his old enemy. This time it was in the fourth dialogue of the "Pursuits of literature." The lines themselves were feeble, and stingless. The venom was in the note and Mathias loved a lengthy note. His point was that the *Metronariston* was dedicated "without any permission and I think with considerable effrontery to Mr. Bryant in a style perfectly new." He dubs each page of the tract "sillier wilder and more extravagant" than the preceding, and sums it up as a "farrago of learned nonsense."

Mrs. Thicknesse in her "school for fashion" (1800, 2 vols.) quotes that "late worthy and most respectable character" Dr. Warner as writing some lines of poetry on his return to England, "a three years' stranger to my native land" on the altered disposition of the ladies of his country. He had left them behind in 1790 the "coyest and loveliest of the female kind." They were then "as chaste and modest as the unsunn'd snow" and they came in his view "To angels nearest in this world below." When he came back to Dover's strand in 1793 they were without waist and without modesty.

Some of his observations on returning to England were couched in prose and in satire. The country from which he had escaped was depicted on this side of the channel as in the direst straits of poverty, while England revelled in affluence. "Bread" said Warner, writing in London, "costs me fifteen-pence the quartern loaf, a beefsteak and a bottle of wine drains my pocket of between five and six shillings—for fifteen pence I had in this famished country on the other side of the water, my soup, my fish, my *gigot*, and my dessert,

and tenpence more gave me an excellent bottle of claret." This was not the conventional language of the time. But the doctor lived and spoke on his own lines. He even went so far, oh grievous offence against propriety! as "to walk in the streets without gloves."

Whatever the "British Fair" may have become, their satirist was restored to them without a change. He was the same genial, kind-hearted, honest old fellow. Hayley was much attached to an illegitimate child, Thomas Alphonso Hayley, a young sculptor and Warner also became fond of him. He addressed the youth in a sportive billet and determined to devote himself to the private education, in a similar manner, of another very promising boy.

When this young sculptor came to London to perfect himself in his profession the doctor continued his kindness. His intimacy with Hayley was unbroken. He seems to have paid a visit to Eartham in the summer of 1795. He was there again in April 1796 and had then been engaged to attend the new ambassador to Denmark as his secretary and chaplain. The date of departure was fixed for the 15th of May but I do not find that the appointment was ever carried into effect.

Warner's portrait in water colour was painted by Jeremiah Meyer, R.A. the well known artist, particularly in miniatures, who brought Romney and Hayley together in 1776 and as the painter had "a lively friendship" with his subject it was painted con amore. The original was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1776, and in order that it might be preserved for the youth whom Warner was educating it was entrusted to the keeping of Hayley. The young Hayley made a copy of it, but as the picture was not to his satisfaction he made a second attempt and this time succeeded completely. His father took the work on his next visit to town to Warner's rooms in S$^{t.}$ John's Square, and diverted himself in the

absence of his friend by suspending it over the mantelpiece in the place of an oval print. Before Hayley left the house its owner had returned and the poet had the satisfaction of seeing and hearing his friend's delight over his new acquisition. Warner was "a good looking man" but rather short in person.

Two characteristic letters from him to George Cumberland, poet and artist are in the Additional MS. No. 36498 at the British Museum. That dilettante had sent him a copy of his tale entitled "Lewina, the Maid of Snowdon" which he had published with his etchings and in the same volume with "a poem on the landscapes of Great Britain" in 1793. They could not have been without favour in the eyes of the public for the publisher paid no less than £56 for the profits of the sale, and offered to buy the copyright for £50 more. Cumberland declined this flattering offer, as he was dissatisfied with his productions, and resolved never to republish them. Warner, however, administered to him a strong dose of flattery on the merits of "Lewina." He had never seen "in so small a compass a happier mixture"—at this point his fondness for drollery broke in with the parenthesis "not a nappier mixture for that would make one sleep instead of weep"—"of the Beautiful, Philosophical and Pathetic." Cumberland at this time had never been outside the united kingdom, but Warner put forward the pleasing surmise that the Glen had been drawn "from the enchanting one near Basle called Munster Dale, exalting its rivulet to a foaming flood." These stimulants were effective. Cumberland acknowledges in his memorandum prefixed to the presentation copy of "Lewina" to the rev. John Eagles which is now at the British Museum, that through Warner's persuasion it was included, after correction, in the second volume of his collection of *Original Tales*. This was not the only piece by Cumberland that Warner took some pleasure in. He

was delighted with the "Captive." Nothing but *Terrour* could restrain a patriotic publisher from printing it. But this was what the reactionary followers of Pitt were aiming at "nothing presently would be published beyond a Primer or a Child's guide." So, with Warner's praise the "Captive" occupied the whole of volume I. of Cumberland's collection of *Original Tales*.

The last sentence of Warner strikes the keynote of his life during the dying years of that century. The war with France which ended after long years of a wasteful contest with the return of the Bourbons to temporary power, and the repressive measures of the Tory ministry to crush out the opposition of their antagonists, were distasteful to the doctor who strenuously advocated the cause of parliamentary reform and threw himself with augmented zeal into the arms of the advanced liberals. The claims of Horne Tooke to public recognition went home to his heart. He adjured Cumberland if he knew "any opulent friend whose children do not call for all he can spare in such times as these and has still, in spite of Mr. Pitt, money enough to make a patriotic present, now is his time by contributing to raise an annuity—too much wanted—for the most meritorious Public man in the Kingdom . . . and that man I need not tell you is our friend Horne Tooke." Warner and his colleagues in the movement hoped to make the fund worth Horne Tooke's acceptance. The subscriptions ranged from £50 to £300.

Cumberland duly responded to the invitation and received from Warner, who was then staying at Wimbledon with Horne Tooke, warm thanks for his letters "and for their very agreeable accompaniments." His attention was also drawn to Tooke's "tight little correspondence" with the clerk to the income tax commissioners. The patriot at Wimbledon had filled up the schedule of his income with great minuteness of detail and had ended with the statement "I have been

thus particular in order to shorten an Odious correspondence of which we ought all to be ashamed."

A drawing of the Doctor hung on the wall of one of the parlours in Horne Tooke's house at Wimbledon. In his lifetime Warner had given a very handsome sum as a subscription for the publication of the "Diversions of Purley," and he did not forget, when dying, the patriot and philologer with whom he had spent many happy hours. He left "to my very old friend, John Horne Tooke, the use of my Tankard at his cheerful board during his life" as well as a mourning ring. If the youth whom Warner had designated as his heir died before the age of 25, Tooke was to receive the substantial bequest of £500 but "if my old friend should go over to the majority before me, his £500 is to be divided between Miss Hart and her sister Charlotte."

This was the wording of Warner's will dated four days before his death. Major Cartwright, the prominent reformer, was the recipient of another ring, and one of the Doctor's last literary productions was the memoir of him which appeared in the volume of "Public Characters" for 1799-1800. Warner's death was due to his fellow-feeling with a politician who had suffered for his opinions. Benjamin Flower, the editor of the "Cambridge intelligencer," a paper which was conspicuous in denouncing the folly of the governing class in 1799, had been imprisoned by the House of Lords in Newgate for an alleged libel upon bishop Watson. The proceedings, says Dr. Garnett ninety years later, had been "of a very arbitrary nature." He married soon after his release a lady who had been herself a martyr for her politics, and Warner caught cold in carrying out his promise of officiating at the ceremony. After a few days' illness "and preserving his recollection and calmness to the last," he died at his house, 14 S[t] John's Square, Clerkenwell, on the 22nd of January 1800 and was buried

in a vault under the church in the square on the 30th of that month.

The date of the commencement of the new century was an amiable weakness of the Doctor. He originated at a convivial party the view that it began with the year 1800, and boldly maintained his opinion in argument against all comers. Oddly enough the bets were decided in his favour by the two referees and, what is not odd to those acquainted with Warner "many cheerful parties arose out of it." His friends who held the contrary sentiment used jocularly to say that he ought to lie "*perdu* for that year. They little imagined that their raillery was to be converted into a fatal prediction." The new-year came, and on the 22nd day of its first month Warner lay dead.

Warner's will contains many points of interest. Two out of the three executors and trustees were the rev. Dr. Raine, of the Charterhouse, a very distinguished scholar, and his brother Jonathan Raine, of equal eminence in the law. Mourning rings were left to many illustrious persons. The list included, besides Tooke and Cartwright, the names of sir Richard Colt Hoare, Robert Fergusson, William Hayley, William Bosville, William Frend, Thomas Wakefield and his brother, Gilbert Wakefield and bore striking witness to his friendship with those prominent in the cause of reform. His sisters Frances Mary S^{t} John, Louisa Henrietta Warner and a third woman, Susanna Lambert, received £100 a year for life "not to be under the control of present or future husbands."

Warner as we have seen, had determined to apply the bulk of his substance to the education and training of a promising youth. His name is set out in the will as "Philip Courtenay, now of the Charterhouse School, whom I have chosen to be my heir and residuary legatee." The books of Warner were to be kept in some place until the heir had a

dwelling to receive them, and he hoped that the youth would "have a partiality to them, though neither rich nor rare, from my having first acquainted him with Letters by their help."

Philip Courtenay was admitted pensioner of Trinity College Cambridge on 3rd July 1799 at the age of 17 and was then described as the son of John Courtenay of Bath. He became a scholar of his college on the 30th of April, 1802 and graduated B.A. 1805, M.A. 1808. He went to the bar, was admitted at Lincoln's Inn in 1803 and transferred himself to the Inner Temple in 1807. Next year he was duly called and became King's Counsel in 1833, reader of his Inn in 1840 and treasurer in 1841. He went the northern circuit and died at Liverpool on 10 Dec. 1842. For some years he was counsel to the mint. Romney painted in January, 1792, a portrait of Madame de Sillery, his kind friend in Paris, which he gave to Hayley. It was bequeathed by him to Courtenay, by whose daughter it was lent to the Grafton gallery in the spring of 1900 (No. 85).

Such was the career of the rev. John Warner, D.D. His life was passed in a calling for which he had little liking and his friends were allowed to know his feelings. But he conscientiously held strong opinions in politics, which he did not hide from view and they did not tend to his advancement in his profession. He expressed them and he suffered for them. For Selwyn's sake he may sometimes have played a part which was not lofty in its character but he liked his master and was liked by him. Forster and Thackeray have brought out in passages which will never be forgotten the defects of his life, but even they were not blind to the elements of good in his character. To Thackeray he was "kindly and good natured in secret" and the more we know of him, the more cordially can we endorse these words.

A word of sympathy was expressed for Warner by G. S. Street in his "miniatures and moods" (1893). A kindly appreciation by Katherine Prence, of his character is in "Temple Bar" for December 1897. And an account of his life is inserted by Mr. John Fyvie in his pleasant volume of "Wits, beaux and beauties of the Georgian Era."

JOHN TAYLOR OF THE "SUN."

"JACK" Taylor can pair off with "Jack" Warner. The parson excelled his friend in possessing that natural gaiety of disposition which bubbles up at every moment. The journalist on the other hand had less flow of humour, but he could draw on his memory for a more abundant wealth of anecdote. They had in common the gift of attracting to themselves crowds of friends and acquaintances. Only one person in that age could rival them in the field of friendship. This was James Hare, the Whig politician known as, "the Hare and many friends." His associates were found among the fashionable set of London or the Whigs of high life who sat in the House of Commons. Warner's friends were chiefly in the ranks of the less exclusive and more advanced reformers of the period. The *Sun* was a Tory journal and "Jack" Taylor was reckoned among the adherents of that party in the State. Not many political personages cross the pages of his reminiscences, but he does record with pride that old Eldon—a canny and not unkindly old gentleman who knew the value of a newspaper on his side—often "favoured him with his arm when we happened to be walking the same way," and that in the tea-room, after "the last celebration in 1829, of Mr. Pitt's birthday," the ex-lord-chancellor greeted him with marked favour. Taylor's friends were mostly among the celebrities who trod the boards of the London theatres. He knew them all and had written something as an extra attraction for all their benefit-nights. With them he gathered around him many a veteran in letters.

His branch of the great family of Taylor came from the city of Norwich. If its members were originally of the same stock as the critic and philologer, known as "Taylor of Norwich," they showed very different qualities in life. For generations they were medical men and four of them were conspicuous in the world as oculists. The progenitor of these eye-doctors was John Taylor a general practitioner in that capital of East Anglia. He lived amid the quiet surroundings of a cathedral town, not courting the publicity of life in London. Dr. Monsey who studied medicine at Norwich and was afterwards the shrewd but loose-speaking old physician of Chelsea Hospital, testified from local knowledge to his high character in his profession, and to his reputation, acquired from a "grave and dignified" aspect and demeanor, among his neighbours of supernatural knowledge, so that they consulted him as a *conjuror*. Great as his knowledge may have been, he could not have formed even a guess at the future career of his elder son, the second John Taylor who called himself and was known to the world as, the *Chevalier* Taylor. Probably no one was more surprised than the father at his son's erratic course in life.

The *Chevalier* who was born on the 16th of August, 1703, studied surgery at S^{t} Thomas's hospital in London under the guidance of William Cheselden, the celebrated operator but soon devoted his especial attention to the diseases of the eye. He began life in the city of his birth, not disdaining the scanty fee of the ordinary surgeon but still continuing his study of the eye. This little society soon became too hot for a man of his vast but wayward energy and he began travelling in quest of practice through his native land. By the time that he was 30 the greater part of the British Isles was familiar ground to him.

Even this enlarged sphere of operations soon became too

small for his adventurous spirit. He went abroad and pursued his studies in the chief medical centres of Europe. He visited Basle, where he took the degree of M.D. on 26 Oct. 1734 and was made a fellow of its college of physicians. Thence he hastened to the universities of Liege and Cologne and received a similar degree from each of them. To complete his investigations in medicine he rested at Paris for a time and travelled through Holland. I do not find his name in the printed list of the english students at Leyden, but he no doubt paid a brief visit to the lecture-room of Boerhaave. By November 1735 he was once more in London.

Next year on the 21st of May 1736 the Chevalier had the good luck to be appointed by the favour of the duke of Grafton, then lord chamberlain, to the position of oculist to George the second. The charge over the eyes of one monarch however could not satisfy his restless ambition. He obtained the same post in the household of Frederick the great of Prussia. But that peremptory monarch declined to allow him to practice within the limits of his dominions, alleging as his reason that he would take care of the eyes of his own subjects so that they might see "no more than was necessary for the interest and glory of their country." Taylor's grandson, while recording this jest prosaically adds that the true explanation was the monarch's fear lest the presence of a foreigner, practising his profession at Berlin, might irritate the medical men who were natives of the country under his rule.

Taylor's career at home was varied by frequent journeys abroad. He undoubtedly possessed great skill in operating. Sir Walter Farquhar who had often seen him perform declared "that his manual dexterity appeared like the touch of magic." But his methods did not do him justice in the view of the profession. They savoured of quackery, and his long

orations, with their pretensions to learning, exposed him to the ridicule of his competitors.

A vulgar tract entitled "the english impostor detected, or the history of the life and fumigation of the renowned Mr. J—— T—— occulist" (*sic*) was printed at Dublin in 1732. A ballad opera "the operator," in which he was dubbed "Doctor Hurry the oculist" exposed his pretences to cure the blind for nothing and his looseness of living. His eccentricities and his professional manner are depicted in a coarse little publication of 42 pages, which was entitled "a faithful and full account of the surprising life and adventures of the celebrated doctor *Sartorius Sinegradibus*," and professed to have been printed at Edinburgh about 1740. On the other hand he had his partisans both in ballads and in more extended defences. One of them,—it must surely have been Taylor himself—produced in 1748 as "by a physician" a tract with the alluring title of "a parallel between the late celebrated Mr. Pope and Dr. Taylor, occulist (*sic*) to the king of Great Britain." The other is of a more genuine character. It was an "oratio publica" delivered at Tübingen in 1750 in "D. D. Tayloris, Angli, merita famamque" by Burcardus David Mauchart, which was published in that year and reproduced some years later in the second volume of Albrecht von Haller's "disputationes chirurgicæ."

Somewhere about 1762 the chevalier left London for ever. His grandson records that he was a "tall handsome man and a great favourite with the ladies." He dressed extravagantly and lived expensively, and these pleasures eat up his income, large as it was. His remarkable adventures with men and women are set out in "the history of the travels and adventures of the chevalier John Taylor, ophthalmiater, pontifical, imperial and royal . . . written by himself . . . addressed to his only son" (1761-2, 3 vols.) and, as he

himself told them, they must of course be true. The sprightly writer in the "Monthly Review" for February 1762 called him "a coxcomb of parts" a "here-and-thereian oculist," laughed at his travellers tales and ridiculed his linguistic skill. He claimed in these volumes to have written 45 separate works most of which passed through the presses of the continent. A catalogue of 43 of them was printed abroad in Italian and German in the year 1757, and the list in Mr. John Stirling Taylor's "addenda to Vol. I." of his father's "Records of my life" runs to 59 entries. On the title page of this tract (1757) was pasted an engraving of his portrait and by its side are six lines of eulogy on him in Latin. A print of another portrait of him forms the frontispiece to his "le mechanisme ou le nouveau traité de l'anatomie du globe de l'œil, Paris, 1738."

Within six months after his departure from England he sent to his family a portrait of himself painted at Rome by the chevalier Rosco. He was represented, as became the man "in splendid attire and a dignified attitude, holding the instrument for couching in his hand, with an artificial eye for the illustration of a lecture which he appears to be delivering." This portrait was in 1830 in the possession of his grandson. After this the family had very little, if any, communication with him. Years passed away as he pursued his changes of life from city to city. One day a continental newspaper reached his relatives at home. It contained in the language of its country the news—"having given sight to many thousands, the celebrated Chevalier Taylor lately died blind at a very advanced age, in a convent at Prague." This is said to have been in 1772.

The chevalier's only son, the second John Taylor, oculist, had intended to have published an account of his father's life "simply detailing facts and wholly free from egotism." He collected the materials, entered into an agreement with

a publisher and then entrusted his papers to the revision of a hack-writer, Henry Jones, the author of a then-popular tragedy, *The Earl of Essex*. This disreputable character, forced to decamp from his lodgings, left the manuscripts behind and they were destroyed. Thereupon he hastily put together, chiefly from his own invention, a collection of discreditable anecdotes, which were published in 1761, in two volumes, as "the life and extraordinary history of the chevalier John Taylor . . . written from authentic materials and published by his son John Taylor, oculist," a copy of which is in the Grenville library at the British Museum. The title page is followed by an address from the chevalier Taylor, "Ophthalmiater, Pontifical, Imperial and Royal," dated Oxford, Jan. 10, 1761, to his son, purporting to give his consent to the publication, although he had not seen it, and stating that he is employed in writing "his own life and adventures." Then comes a pretended advertisement from the son, John Taylor, dated Hatton Garden, 25 May, 1761 vouching that the "above is a true copy of the letter my father sent me." All the answer that he could make was that he had maintained his mother for 8 years and that about two years since he had paid near £200 for his father. The foul falsehoods of Jones and the advertisements which they provoked from the chevalier may be read in the *Monthly Review*, xxv. 106 et seq. (1762). The reviewer was naturally puzzled. It was a strange, a venal performance, no son could have been guilty of it, but after all "there may possibly be some collusive dealing, in order to impose upon the public."

This absurd production could not do the family of Taylor, father or son, much injury. But acuter brains have damaged the chevalier's reputation beyond recovery. Hogarth made him a conspicuous figure in his picture of the physicians in consultation, depicting him, notorious as he was for gallantry,

as leering with one eye at Mrs. Mapp, the bonesetter. Dr. Johnson on one occasion called him "the most ignorant man I ever knew, but sprightly. . . . he challenged me once to talk latin with him; (laughing) I quoted some of Horace which he took to be a part of my own speech. He said a few words well enough." When Topham Beauclerk first heard this anecdote from Johnson's lips the doctor added the epigram that "Taylor was an instance how far impudence could carry ignorance." Foote introduced him into his play, *The mayor of Garratt*, as a "pill-gilding puppy" claiming the cure of Margery Squab of Ratcliff highway, spinster, of squinting, and he was satirised by Horace Walpole in a poetical epigram of which he must have been proud as he gives it in two of his letters. Young, of the *Night thoughts*, summed up his character in 1743. "He is member of every university in Europe but his own; he talks all languages but his own, and has an extreme volubility of tongue . . . as well qualified to blind understandings, as his hand is to put out our sight" (*MSS. of Marquis of Bath* (*Hist. MSS. Commission* 1904) *I.* 276).

The life of John Taylor, oculist, No. 2, the chevalier's only son, is a descent to the commonplace when compared with the sublime follies that attended his father's career. He was born in London in 1724 and educated at the Collège du Plessis in Paris, becoming a good French and Latin scholar. About 1743 he returned to London with Parisian gaiety and manners, assisted his father in his operations and was introduced by him to the professional world of the metropolis. It was even more important to him as a struggling medical man with a family that Cheselden generally recommended patients to consult him professionally. An account of his "cure of William Taylor the blind boy of Ightham in Kent" was published about 1752 by William Oldys, the zealous antiquary whose annotations in

many books and many lives of English worthies are now as well known in literature as the story of his pecuniary necessities. Oldys was an intimate friend of the oculist, usually passing the evenings by the kitchen fireside at his house in Hatton Garden. Long years afterwards the third John Taylor enriched with anecdotes from his own knowledge and his father's stories that life of Oldys in Isaac D'Israeli's "curiosities of literature," which first introduced his name to the world at large.

The great patient of the second John Taylor was the Duke of Ancaster, then the lord great chamberlain, who nearly succeeded in procuring for him the office of oculist to George the Third. Another noble duke proved too strong for him. This was the Duke of Bedford, the leader of the "Bedford gang," upon whom an operation for the cataract had been successfully performed by the baron de Wenzel. The grateful duke rewarded the baron with the handsome fee of five hundred pounds and by obtaining for him that coveted post in the household of the King of England. The baron died on the 4th of October 1790 aged 66, and was buried in the churchyard of old S^{t} Pancras. His full name was Michael Joannes Baptist de Wenzel, and he was a baron of the Roman empire, and oculist to the Queen of Hungary as well as to George III.

The second John Taylor began his professional life too extravagantly. He had a house at Hatton Garden, where he practised, and a residence for his family on the heights of Highgate. A friend recommended the practice of a stricter economy, and the suggestion, strange to say, was adopted. The suburban retreat at Highgate was dropped. We recognize in him some of the traits both of his father and of his eldest son. He was "always fond of the drama" and many of his actor-friends, very few of them being in the front rank of the profession, are described (I. 357 et seq.) in

the first volume of his son's "records of my life." He played skittles with Hugh Kelly and other personages of the period, in such places of popular resort as White Conduit house and Bagnigge wells. He frequented "Dobney's Bowling green, then a popular place, at a part of Islington, now called Pentonville." Altogether he seems to have led for a good many years a happy life. He died at his house in Hatton Garden on the 17th of September 1787 aged 62, and was buried in the new burying ground of St. Andrew's, Holborn, on the 23rd of that month. The Memoir in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1787, pt. II. 932) tells the usual tale of such lives. He was charitable in disposition and vivacious in humour but reposed "too much confidence in false friends," poor easy man, and so was led astray.

The third John Taylor, oculist, now enters upon the scene. The eldest of eleven children, he was born at Highgate at the time when his father's recklessness of expenditure elicited the comments of his friends and was baptised, according to his son's statement, on 27 August 1755. His education was but slender. He went for a time to a school at Ponder's End, in the parish of Enfield and then to a "respectable academy" in Cross Street, Hatton Garden kept by a Dr. Crawford, an establishment of such a dignified character that at one time it kept "an usher for the foreign department." This dignitary in pupillage, a Mr. Stirn, described by Taylor as "a German and a scholar," subsequently was executed for killing "an eminent dancing master" called Mathews, at whose house in Brooke Street, Holborn, he lived. In this majestic establishment Munden the actor was his school-fellow for a brief period, and when they met in after life affected to have remembered his associate in the days of youth.

In this life, as in that of John Warner, the kindly person of "Philip Champion Crespigny, Esq., King's Proctor and

member of parliament for Sudbury" crosses the stage. His third wife had been the playmate in their earliest years of Jack Taylor, and the King's Proctor, knowing the friendship of the two families, offered to take the youngster into his office as an indentured clerk without the requirement of a premium, which would have exceeded in this case the sum of £1,000. Taylor's father requiring the assistance of his son in his profession, and recognising that with such an apprenticeship he would be compelled to support the youth for some years, declined the glittering offer. But in after years Jack looked back upon the incident with anguish as an opportunity wasted.

"Jack" Taylor therefore became, and for some years practised as an oculist. What his qualifications were he does not record; they must, I think, have been scanty. He does however mention that he once performed with success "at that old and respectable inn the Swan with two necks, in Lad Lane near Cheapside" an operation on a boy who was born blind. Jack on the 30th of June 1789 was appointed oculist in ordinary to the Prince of Wales, whereupon a wag of the period who was aware of the fact that the new placeman was shortsighted, issued an impromptu, the point of which lay in the line that in certain circumstances "the blind will lead the blind." To the certificate of his appointment was added the warning "N.B. No Fees to be given" and considering the impecunious condition of the prince the words were not unnecessary. The appointment was renewed on the 2nd of September 1799, when his brother, Jeremiah Taylor, a member of the college of surgeons, was associated with him in the place, and the same warning was added to the cerificate. On the 23rd of October 1790 Jack Taylor was made oculist to George III. and he was continued in the office by the next two monarchs.

About 1789 the oculist began to turn his attention to the

more congenial paths of literature and soon was *totus in illis*. He had been a stage-goer all his life, and before he had come of age had seen Garrick in many of his best performances. Devotion to the drama was the key-note of his life. He knew everybody who trod the stage or wrote for it. It was therefore in the fitness of things that he should become the dramatic critic for the *Morning Post*. There appeared in its columns a rumour that "a lady in great favour with a high personage and not merely connected by the ties *of mutual affection* had determined to assert claims not sanctioned by law," unless she were satisfied with the grant of a peerage and £6000 a year. Taylor was on intimate terms of friendship with a confidential servant of this high personage and he was therefore requested to convey to the person who had *farmed* the paper an assurance that the rumour was untrue. He endeavoured to dissuade the Prince of Wales's friend from making any such assurance, but could not effect his object. The assurance was given, and produced the result that he had predicted. A stronger allusion to this event appeared in the impression of the next day. The Prince of Wales became more and more alarmed at the publicity of his relations with Mrs. Fitzherbert. The *farmer* was bought out, "received a large sum for his share of the paper, another for the time that he was to hold a control over it and an annuity for life." Taylor was at once installed in the editor's chair.

This incident occurred at the time when the political world was agitated over the Regency bill, which seemed necessary through the illness of the king. Taylor's editorship lasted for two years and it seems to have been an amusing episode in his life. The evening in the editor's sanctum passed pleasantly away with copious libations of punch for his friends. Dr. Wolcot, better known as Peter Pindar, was "a constant visitor and generally wrote some whimsical articles

for the paper." The proprietor would not engage the doctor's poetic services constantly with a regular salary, and Taylor in vain offered him half of his own pay. Peter's only reward was " his favourite beverage " of punch. Robert Merry, the chief poet of the Della Cruscan school was another of the party and a third was James Billington the first husband of the celebrated singer. He supplied " anecdotes of the musical and fashionable circles."

Taylor protests that the business of the paper was not interfered with by these festivities. He often remained at his post until three o'clock in the morning, engaged in giving the final touches to the paper and in guarding against the introduction of any libellous or injurious matter. His services however failed to give satisfaction. The proprietor complained that the editor " had not devil enough for the conduct of a public journal." Taylor thereupon surrendered his place to two young Irishmen, who soon landed the printer in Newgate and involved the proprietor in the payment to a lady of quality of three thousand pounds, besides enormous sums of money to the lawyers.

The *Morning Post* is still with us and has lately renewed its strength like an eagle. But Taylor's next venture in journalism, the *True Briton*, which he partly owned, though a daily paper of some reputation in its time has long been defunct. John Gifford whose real name was John Richards Green, was the editor and for his indefatigable exertions both in the columns of the newspapers and in separate publications, in support of Mr. Pitt's government, he was rewarded by an appointment as police magistrate. Taylor supplied this journal with many dramatic criticisms on the merits of his friends who wrote plays or performed in them. Mrs. Inchbald was one of the chief friends in authorship whom he lauded in it and she repaid his services by the legacy of £100. In 1799 a project, supported by the duke

of Clarence, was set on foot for commemorating the naval achievements of British seamen. Various suggestions soon appeared in print. Flaxman, as a sculptor, recommended a statue of Britannia 230 feet high, to be placed on the summit of Greenwich hill, where it would be visible from the river and from the Kent road. Alexander Dufour, an architect, wanted a permanent architectural building, the sight of which would preserve the recollection of their bravery. Opie, as an artist, contributed to the *True Briton* in 1800 his plan for the formation of a gallery of paintings recording their victories. This scheme which would encourage art for many years was afterwards re-published in "an inquiry into the requisite cultivation of the arts of design in England," and prepared men's minds for the erection of a national gallery. Taylor and Opie had long been friends. Mrs. Opie inserted in the Memoir of her husband some remarks on him by his old friend, in which Taylor bore witness to his freedom from envy, his strong sense of humour, his friendly and generous disposition, and his taste for music.

In 1813 Taylor acquired a share in *The Sun*, and with that daily paper his name is always associated in the biographies of that period. "Taylor of the *Sun*," or "Everybody's Taylor" were the titles by which he was known. It was a Tory evening paper, founded in 1792 by old George Rose, at Pitt's instigation and in order to support his political views. Walter, of the *Times*, was furious at the support which was given to it by members of the administration complaining excitedly at the injury done to his own paper but he did not dread its rivalry for long. Peter Pindar used to say that it was a "Sun without a ray of light," and that he hoped for brighter days under the new management. They never came, and Hazlitt, ten years after Taylor's accession, wrote in the *Edinburgh Review* (1823) "The *Sun* is a paper that appears daily but never shines. The editor, who is an

agreeable man, has a sinecure of it, and the public trouble their heads just as little about it as he does." Tom Moore records in his diary the amazement with which he contrasted "the politics of Taylor's paper with his conversation and sentiments in private" and adds the sarcastic comment, "How the public is humbugged!"

Differences over the management of this paper afforded the world of London much amusement in 1815. On 10 May 1813 William Jerdan, a well-known newspaper man for the first half of the nineteenth century, received from the then owners the post of editor, with a tenth share of the property and an allowance if he could get it of about £500 a year for his literary labours. The concern was divided into ten shares, the previous editors held eight of them, Taylor and Jerdan each one. For a short time matters proceeded amicably. The two minor proprietors had many gifts in common. They were of the same political school, loved jests and puns, and delighted in the same class of society. Within two years, however, the eight shares held by the old editors were sold to Taylor who thereupon took upon himself to control the working of the paper. Its readers were soon informed by the combatants of their differences. On the 22nd of September Jerdan inserted in it a notice to correspondents that all communications should be addressed to him "the sole editor and part proprietor." Next month on 15 October, Taylor, as "the chief and the resident proprietor" inserted a rival notification that his friends should address their communications to him.

A very distinguished name in literature was drawn into this controversy in the autumn of 1815. This was lord Byron, to whom Taylor had sent a volume of his poetry. It was duly acknowledged on the 23rd of July in that year in the poet's characteristic way as written "in the good old style of our elders and our betters," and the donor received in return

four volumes of Byron's "poems, handsomely bound, all of his works that had been published at that time." In the following September Jerdan inserted in his paper Southey's "languishing lyrics, or the lamentable loves of the lachrymose lord and the lugubrious lady," a satire on Byron's poem of *Misanthropy*. Taylor thereupon wrote to express his regret at the occurrence and received the reply from Byron that such things as these had "ceased to fright him from his propriety."

Worse was yet to come. Taylor on a day of his ascendancy in the columns of the *Sun* inserted in them a highly eulogistic "sonnet to the right honourable lord Byron." Next day Jerdan came upon the scene with a "Parody on a sonnet to lord Byron in the *Sun* of yesterday," which was signed "W. J. Extempore, *Poet Laureate*." This was too much for his rival, and the following notice appeared:—

"To correspondents. Mr. John Taylor in justice to himself as the chief proprietor of the *Sun* newspaper, deems it proper for his own credit and that of the paper to inform the public that the attack upon the Right Honourable Lord Byron which appeared in the *Sun* of yesterday, in the form of a *mock sonnet*, was written by Mr. William Jerdan, late of Old Brompton and is signed with the initials of his name.

P. S. The article in question was, of course, inserted without Mr. Taylor's knowledge and during his absence."

Again Taylor sent to Byron an expression of regret at this misadventure and again he received from him a courteous letter of reply. This letter is printed in full in the privately-printed "addenda, 1869," by Mr. John Stirling Taylor which are included in the volumes of his father's "records of my life" now in the library of the Reform Club, but not in the copy in the library of the British Museum. He adds that many other letters were written by lord Byron to his father during succeeding years "but unfortunately this is the only one now remaining in their possession." As only a fragment of it is

printed in Mr. Murray's collection of Byron's letters, I reproduce it here, although in itself its value is not great.

13, Terrace, Pic'y,
Oct. 27th, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

I return you the enclosed for which I have no present occasion. On the subject of your letter I can only say that I am obliged to you for your compliment—and to Mr. Jor—(or *Jer* which is it?) dan for his abuse:—I wish him joy of his zealous Loyalty—but am sorry that you and he should differ on my account.

Very truly yours,
BYRON.

P. S.—Your best way will be to publish no more eulogies except upon the "elect"—or if you do—to let him have a previous copy—so that the compliment and the attack may appear together—which would I think have a good effect.

To Jno. Taylor, Esq.,
112, *Sun* Office,
Strand.

Discord in the paper and litigation among the lawyers continued in this manner for months but matters were brought to a conclusion at last in the spring of 1817. Jerdan who had settled in the editorial chair with high hopes of fortune was glad to sell his share in the paper to his rival for the insignificant sum of £300. In his own pathetic words he "had the world to begin again." Taylor himself now began to feel the pressure of pecuniary trouble. At the end of 1818 he offered John Murray half the interest in the *Sun* "at the price which he had given for it." The offer was not accepted.

For seven years more Taylor continued to own and to edit this paper. Misfortune then overwhelmed him. He was "ensnared by a false friend to accept bills which he was unable to discharge" (*records of my life II.* 12). This is one account of his troubles; another version is "by the treachery of a partner I was deprived of the property which I had employed a great part of my life in acquiring and was thrown upon the world at an advanced age without resource." The *Sun* was

sold in 1825 to Murdo Young, a man of great energy, called by *Blackwood's Magazine* "the flaming minister of the *Sun*" in whose hands the circulation of the paper, now an organ of the Whigs, was quadrupled in four years.

All his life Taylor coquetted with literature. It was suggested in *Notes and Queries* (2nd ser. XII., 473, 3rd ser I. 39) that a collection of "theatrical portraits epigrammatically delineated by a Macaroni" the date of which is given as 1774 in the catalogue of the library of the British Museum, was written by him a professed lover of the stage and all its votaries. If this suggestion is correct and the year accurately surmised it was the product of Taylor's youth, for his age at the time was but nineteen.

His first acknowledged works were certainly connected with the boards. One was a pamphlet entitled "a statement of transactions respecting the King's Theatre at the Haymarket 1791"; the other was "the Stage, a poem, 1795," in which he described from personal knowledge the chief actors of the time, the list including Garrick and John Kemble. His next venture was singularly unfortunate. This was the anonymous "*Caledonian comet*" (1810) in which he satirised the ballads of sir Walter Scott and their popularity and eulogised the poems of Jerningham and Martin Archer Shee. A few years later the author was glad for it to die out of memory.

Taylor wrote more prologues and epilogues than any man who ever lived. His pen was always in requisition for such occasions. Perhaps the best known of such pieces was the poetical address which Charles Kemble spoke on the first appearance of the young Roscius on 1 December 1804. Most of these effusions were included in his poetical collections. If the reader wishes for a specimen of his skill in rhyming he should glance at the poetical columns of the *Gentleman's Magazine* from 1826 to 1832. Cyrus Redding

testifies that he translated Anacreon with tolerable success and that is the best that can be said of his effusions. The first of his collections, "verses on various occasions, 1795," was dedicated to Mrs. Robinson, "Perdita," who had dedicated a poem to him, and had sent him the verses and letters which are described in the catalogue of Mr. Alfred Morrison's celebrated collection of autograph letters (V, 286—7). The next was entitled "poems on various occasions, 1811" and as by this time the author had become very political, the volume was dedicated to the right honourable Charles Long, a cultivated gentleman known as a strong supporter of Mr. Pitt in whose honour many of Taylor's pieces were written.

The third collection "poems on various subjects by John Taylor, esq. 1827, 2 vols." was brought out for the relief of his necessities. Mr. George Woodfall, the son of "Junius" Woodfall suggested their publication and undertook to print them at cost price. A committee was formed to promote the subscription, the chief booksellers, new and second hand, received the names of those willing to join in it and a goodly list of subscribers was obtained. Had one volume only been issued, the profits would have been considerable, but "vanity, pride and folly which indeed all mean the same thing" says Taylor "tempted me to bring forth all the trifles I had written and extend it to two." Hence the profits were greatly reduced. Taylor's prose productions were usually penned on ephemeral subjects to make a guinea or two. He supplied the *Monthly Mirror* (a buried periodical which gave prominence to the stage) with an occasional article on an actor or on some theatrical topic.

A bundle of his letters written from 1801 to 1818 to old Thomas Hill the editor of that periodical is preserved at the British Museum in the Addit. MS. 20,082, ff. 131—51. They chiefly relate to literary subjects connected with Hill's

magazine and many of them show Taylor's unvarying kindness to the distressed relatives of poor authors. An engraving of a portrait by sir Joshua Reynolds of Garrick which then belonged to Taylor is inserted in the May 1807 number of the *Monthly Mirror*.

Taylor's name is now remembered, if it is remembered at all, by two works. He was the author of "Monsieur Tonson," and of two most entertaining volumes of reminiscences. "Monsieur Tonson" is a tale in verse of an impudent wag, called Tom King, who night after night waked up a poor old french refugee in his house near the Seven Dials and brought him half-naked and half-starved to the street door, to answer the enquiry whether one Thomson, perverted by the Frenchman into Tonson, lodged there. After practising this jest for some time, the cruel jester went for six years to an eastern clime and on his return with unchanged wickedness went to the same house to put the same question. The same poor old man answered the knock at the door caught a glimpse of his ancient tormentor and with a wild shriek of despair "away he ran and ne'er was heard of more."

The story of this adventure was first told in conversation by sir Henry Moore sometime Governor of Jamaica. From him it passed to a well-known raconteur in London and then to Taylor, who used to repeat it in prose for the amusement of his friends. At the request of Fawcett, Holman and Pope, three famous actors then giving readings and recitations at Freemasons' Hall, it was versified by Taylor. Fawcett undertook to recite it and performed his part with abundant character and humour. Its success was immediate and unbounded, and Taylor was the first to acknowledge that its popularity was chiefly due to the skill of the reciter. For years it was read and reread at such entertainments, being only second in popularity to John Gilpin. Then it

formed the basis of the famous farce by William Thomas Moncrieff (the stage name of William Thomas Thomas), which was produced at Drury Lane on 20 September 1821 with the same title, and often printed with a dedication to Taylor. The play like the poem owed its reputation rather to the skill of a performer than to the merits of the piece. It was made famous at once by the truly characteristic acting of Henry Gattie (the chief personator, says my old friend and colleague Mr. G. C. Boase in his article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, of "old men, Frenchmen and Irishmen") in the part of the worried old Frenchman, Monsieur Morbleu. George the Fourth much admired the play and commanded its reproduction when he next visited the theatre. Whereupon his loyal and faithful subjects followed his example and witnessed its performance in thousands. At a later date the piece was acted by Mathews in New York and at the Lyceum.

The poem was published in London in 1796 by Laurie and Whittle, of Fleet Street and for nearly seventy years "there was always a copy hanging in their shop window." About 1800 it was printed at Glasgow. In 1830 it was again issued, with illustrations by Robert Cruikshank, and the paternity was assigned to Thomas King, the actor, but this was an error. Taylor believed that the incident actually occurred and that the Tom King of the tale was the son of a former Archbishop of Dublin (*records of my life*, I. 58, 381). More recently it was issued in "Routledge's comic reciter, edited and selected by J. E. Carpenter 1867" and it is contained in the 1906 edition of that work. It was included in "The Humourist" (1819) and when that periodical was reproduced by Nimmo in four volumes dated 1892, there was inserted an etching by George Cruikshank, of the polite and shivering Frenchman answering the young blood's knock at the door.

Until misfortune befell him Taylor was famous as a diner out, and as a member of the convivial clubs which flourished under the third George and the Regency. Crabb Robinson records in his diary that he dined in June 1815 at a friend's house in company with Sir James Smith of Norwich, the botanical professor, Thomas Phillips, the painter, and Taylor. The day passed pleasantly away. Sir James was well-bred and his "amenity" supplied a charm to the conversation. The artist was "very agreeable but the hero of the day was Taylor . . . He has lively parts, jokes, puns and is very good natured." Jekyll knew "the good natured old gossip who cantered his pony about Parnassus in bad prologues and epilogues" and has recorded for us one of his puns. Sheridan said he preferred *Lear* to all Shakespeare's tragedies. Taylor replied, "That's because you married an Ogle" (*correspondence* pp. 302-3).

An amusing instance of Jack's hold over a mixed company is told by Hazlitt in his essay "on the aristocracy of letters" (*Table talk, essay V.*). A certain "contractor for useful and ornamental literature"—the name is not given but the contractor has since been identified with John Britton—offered Hazlitt "two guineas for a *Life and Character of Shakespear*, with an admission to his *Conversations*." He did not write the essay but went once to the entertainment. "There was a collection of learned lumber, of antiquaries, lexicographers and other Illustrious Obscure" and Hazlitt was in despair at the loss of a day "when in dropped Jack T. of the *Sun*. (Who would dare to deny that he was *the Sun of our table?*) and the scene was changed. Mr. T —— knows most of the good things that have been said in the metropolis for the last thirty years and is in particular an excellent retailer of the humours and extravagances of his old friend, Peter Pindar." Jest upon jest, each rising above the other came from his lips and the company was divided into two factions "of

laughing and sour faces." T. recounted one more, a practical joke by that satirist, whereupon one of the sour faced gang objected to the moral of the story and to Taylor's facetiæ. The host then interposed and suggested that they should for a change "talk of what is serious and moral and industrious and laudable in character—let us talk of Mr. Tomkins, the penman." This was too much for the party. They went upstairs to tea.

Tom Moore strikes a different note. When he was seeking materials for the life of Sheridan, he sought for information from the survivors of Sheridan's intimate friends. Among these was Taylor, who was asked by Longmans to meet Moore at dinner and to impart his information over the dinner-table. The future biographer was profoundly disappointed. There was nothing in old Taylor's remarks "except boring, deadly boring; most of the company asleep." The only consolation was that he brought "a letter or two of Sheridan's, which may be of use," and that he showed "a curious original letter from Churchill to his bookseller, asking most anxiously for a guinea for which he said he was in prison." Sheridan seems to have studied his friend's character with deeper attention, as Taylor is said to have been the original of "Sneer" in the *Critic*.

Taylor was a man of bright parts but his disposition was too volatile for any profound study. Conversation was his forte, and his delight was to dine with men of note, when pun and jest never ceased to pass his lips. His overflowing coffers of ancedote were drawn from clubs and taverns, even more than from the private houses of his theatrical and literary friends. Tavern after tavern, club after club, meet us in his reminiscences. Old Slaughter's coffee house in St. Martin's Lane was a great place of resort for him and his theatrical friends. One night in that place of sojourn they badgered Arthur Murphy the dramatist almost out of

endurance. Repentance soon came, and to escape temptation on the following evening they agreed to meet at New Slaughter's in the same lane. Unfortunately poor Arthur Murphy to escape a repetition of this worry had gone there also. He avoided these jesters until bedtime when holding a lighted candle in the candlestick he was on the point of retirement. "Mr. Murphy," said the incorrigible punster, our Jack, "you are treating us *lightly*." Their victim turned on his heel and was heard repeating all the way up stairs, "treating them lightly! treating them lightly!"

At the "Turks" coffee house in the Strand Taylor used to meet night after night Porson, and his brother in law, Perry of the *Morning chronicle*, and occasionally Jemmy Boswell. He often supped with Peter Pindar at the Rainbow in King street, Covent garden, and in one of its boxes he listened with that satirist to the anecdotes of the venerable Macklin. At the Bedford coffee-house he feasted with John Kemble and Richardson, the theatrical colleague of Sheridan. He consorted with a host of theatrical personages and literary celebrities at the weekly club, very inappropriately called "Keep the line." With John Bowles an official who devoted himself to the cause of Mr. Pitt, and with Mr. Justice Garrow, "a consummate advocate" in the same interest he frequented the oratorical club, styled the Robin Hood society in Butcher row, Strand. Once, and once only, he was admitted to a little club which held its meetings at the *Globe* in Fleet Street and there he met Cooke ("conversation" Cooke, the friend of Dr. Johnson) and "Mr. Akerman, the keeper of Newgate, a very worthy and humane character," whose good qualities have been transmitted to successive generations in the pages of Johnson's biography. But he was regular in his attendance at the gatherings of a club which met at the Packhorse tavern in Turnham Green. John Kemble resided on the green and

was invited to dine at the club, with George Colman as another guest. These two worthies kept up the ball for hours, the other diners gradually withdrawing as best they could. "Kemble and Colman did not break up till twelve o'clock the next day, having been left by themselves for many hours." Colman composed the following "impromptu" on Taylor:—

"Nine taylors (as the proverb goes)
Make but one man though many clothes,
But thou art not, we know, like those
My Taylor.

No—thou can'st make, on Candour's plan
Two of thyself—(how few that can)
The critic and the gentleman
My Taylor."

At such companies of men, and in the gatherings at the private houses of his friends, Taylor met with an infinite number of men and women, of all classes in life and with the most varied characteristics. These persons are described by him in the "Records of my life, by the late John Taylor, esquire, 1832" (2 vols.), which he compiled in 1830 after pecuniary trouble had fallen upon him, at the instance of "an eminent publisher," no doubt the "Edward Bull, Holles street," whose name appears on their title pages. In the "Dictionary of national biography," the work is described as "full of redundant gossip and stories mostly discreditable to the persons named," but that estimate, I venture to think, is unduly severe in its terms. It is true that some of the anecdotes are set out more than once and that a few of the characters are not such as would be tolerated at the present day. But Taylor dwells on the bright, as well as the shady side of life, and the repetitions and redundancies are due to his weight of years and cares. I have often wondered that in these days of reprints his volumes have not been reproduced. Prune

them of their repetitions, pluck up by the roots the passages in which he girds at Burke and Johnson, and the garden of his anecdotes would still be considerable enough for any one to ramble therein during many a passing hour.

Consider in detail the persons whom Taylor knew. The theatre was his passion and in that section of the London world he moved with ease. Quin was a name to him, but Garrick he had seen many times in his chief impersonations. With John Kemble he was acquainted from the first season of his performance and worshipped him both on the boards and in private life. The maiden name of Taylor's first wife Catherine Duill, a widow whom he married on 27 March 1788 at St. James's Church, Westminster, and lost less than a year later, was Satchell and his friendship with the Kembles was augmented through the fact that her sister was Stephen Kemble's wife. He asked the permission of Mrs. Siddons to write her life, but she declined politely in a long letter. Nevertheless he remained on close terms of friendship with all the Kembles.

To Macklin many pages are devoted by Taylor. With Tom King he was well acquainted. William Lewis he had seen on the first night of his appearance on the London stage. He witnessed the accident which drove poor Reddish, the second husband of George Canning's mother, from the boards to Bedlam. John Emery, the first of the family to come upon the public stage, presented him with a picture. Mrs. Crawford was, to his eyes, "the most perfect representation of 'Rosalind,'" and "the most commanding and dignified woman" whom he had then seen was Mrs. Yates. He dined with the arch and vivacious Mrs. Abington at the house of Mrs. Jordan and he met Miss Farren with lord Derby at the house of Kemble. The cause of Madame Mara was at her request defended by him in the public prints and he saw Mrs. Billington perform a concerto on the

pianoforte, her first appearance in public, when she was seven years old.

Taylor considered the *Shylock* of John Henderson to be excellent and was infinitely diverted by his reading of *John Gilpin*. He was present when Tom Davies re-appeared on the stage for a benefit-night, and thought his acting dull. On the merits of Terry and Bensly he does not wax warm but he admired Parsons, Edwin and Moody in their respective types of character. He knew both the Palmers and both the Bannisters. The epitaph in the churchyard of St. Margaret's, Westminster, on Thomas Hull (*d.* 1808), actor, and founder of the Theatrical fund, was a piece of his composition. His lines on "gentleman" Smith are quoted by the new master of St. John's College, Cambridge, in his volume on its alumni. Finally, to conclude his connection with the stage he who had witnessed Garrick tread the boards, lived to behold the first appearance of Kean.

With many other representative persons between 1780 and 1820 Taylor was in the closest friendship. Sheridan, Tickell (Sheridan's brother-in-law) and Richardson (Sheridan's colleague in stage-management and in parliament), were three of his principal associates. Dr. Bain, the physician and friend of Sheridan asked Taylor to dinner to meet Charles Sheridan. He made the acquaintance of Horne Tooke and was one of the band of friends that dined with him during his residence from 1780 to 1792 in Richmond Buildings, Dean Street, Soho. John Wilkes he knew, but of him he formed a depreciating estimate. Through the Woodfalls he heard much of Junius and in the additional manuscript 27,781 at the British Museum are several letters, not very valuable I must allow, from him to George Woodfall on that unrevealed potentate. He was present at the dinner at the Guildhall given by the elder Alderman Boydell on his becoming lord mayor. Pitt who not long before had

become a member of the Grocer's company, was there and Boswell was another guest. Boswell when the company "removed to a room appropriated to sociality" contrived to be asked to sing. He prefaced his song by descanting on the great Europeans that he had known and confessing that although he had often tried he had never obtained an introduction to the great minister. Pitt listened to this and to the song "a grocer of London" with its references to himself, "with all the dignified silence of a marble statue" but when Boswell, full of wine and vanity, sang it at least six times, even this austere personage

"so stiff, you'd swear
Some statue just stepped down to take the air"

could not refrain from joining in the universal laugh.

Boswell and Taylor went away together from the banquet in so convivial a mood that all the way to Hatton Garden they roared out the song, waking the watchmen from their slumbers but without finding themselves in the Round House.

A triad of doctors meet us in these pages. Dr. Monsey, of Chelsea hospital, the profane talker of his day may pair off with Dr. Wolcot, whose daring wit spared neither the ruler of the Kingdom nor the dominating sages of the literary world. Dr. Warner, a pleasant figure everywhere, spends long hours at dinner in company with Taylor, in the hospitable rooms of an official of the British Museum, it might be with either Penneck, Maty, Maurice, Harpur or Planta, for all of these characters find mention in his pages. Artists abound. He had dined with Sir Joshua on an occasion when Boswell again made himself conspicuous, often visited Benjamin West in his painting room and had known Sir Thomas Lawrence for nearly forty years. With Opie he was very intimate in the opening days of his fame and had enjoyed the benefit of Northcote's conversation long

before its merits were revealed to the world at large by Hazlitt. In the early period of his life he knew the rev. William Peters, the academician, who left him a legacy of 50 guineas, all his days he was on the most friendly terms with Prince Hoare of Bath, and he became very intimate with Ozias Humphry in the closing years of his career. He knew many a distinguished musician, tells anecdotes of at least two bishops and had studied every eccentric character of his day, from Mrs. Cornelys who kept the dancing-rooms in Soho square to "walking" Stewart, who went all over the habitable world. Of his host of acquaintances in literature we will not now speak. One name only shall be mentioned. It is that of Wordsworth who sent him the two volumes of the "Lyrical ballads" with a letter asking what impression the poems, written in rural retirement, made upon a man swimming in the full tide of human life. Well might Taylor, penning his reminiscences in poverty long years afterwards, warm himself with the gratifying thought that his name had become "known to a poet of such original merit and residing at so distant a place"!

Taylor describes as an eye-witness the dying oration of lord Chatham in the house of lords. He tells us on the authority of John Kemble, that the modest expression, "a certain gentleman" to whom Cibber's delightful "apology" was addressed, concealed the famous name of Henry Pelham and this knowledge gives a brighter lustre to its graceful language. He claims that an anecdote industriously circulated by him of an impecunious engraver originated the character of Jeremy Diddler in Kenney's farce of *Raising the wind*, and that he supplied Cooke with many of the jests of Sam Foote which have now passed into general currency.

A delicious glimpse of Boswell is given to us by Taylor. The life of Johnson is on the verge of publication. The proof sheets have been passed by the author. Nought

remains but the title-page. Full of expectations of success, for in spite of buffetings from the subject of his labours and discouragements from his friends, Boswell never doubted in the excellence of his work, he passes absorbed in thoughts of the forthcoming volumes, through the busy streets of London. In his journey his eye rests on Taylor. It is the work of a moment to stop him, to produce the sheet of the title page and to ask his opinion on it. Taylor reads the words "The life of Samuel Johnson LL.D. *containing*" *etc.* and raises the objection that the word containing would be more appropriate in an advertisement for the contents of a lost trunk. What then would you suggest, cries Boswell, and the critic replies, I would substitute the word *comprehending*. Boswell hesitates, has doubts as to the advantage of the change but at that moment he catches sight of his countryman, Sir Archibald Macdonald at a little distance. "Stay" shouts Boswell, as he rushes off, proof in hand, to a conference on the subject with that distinguished Scot. The opinion is given, it is favourable to the alteration, and Boswell speeds back to his friend. "You are right, the word shall be adopted." What Taylor failed to do for himself, this friend did for him. One word of his suggestion has been read by myriads of his countrymen in every clime. That word lives for every generation in every age.

We part, but we must part, from Taylor with regret. His days are ebbing fast and ere his book comes out they have hastened to a close. Various dates for his death are given in the papers but his son states that he died in Great Russell street, London, on the 15 May 1832 and was buried at St. George's Bloomsbury. His second wife, Mrs. Ann Hepworth, a widow living in Cecil street, whom he married on 30 Decr. 1800 survived him with several children. She was described as "a Scottish lady of a family very highly connected." No doubt it was for this reason that their son was sent to the

high school at Edinburgh. Here the youth was noticed by Raeburn the artist, who wrote to the father that he had made a sketch of a young friend for him and soon after sent to him a "finished and beautiful portrait of my son." Where is the youth's portrait now?

If any one desires to read more on John Taylor's associates in life let him peruse Mr. Austin Dobson's paper in "Longman's Magazine" for January, 1898, which is reprinted in the volume of his collected essays entitled "A paladin of philanthropy."

A FRIEND OF LORD BYRON.

A BRILLIANT little set clustered round Byron in his days of residence at Trinity College, Cambridge. The poet came from school at Harrow, as everyone who has visited the churchyard that tops its hill will remember, but most of his friends came from the level meadows of Eton. Fullest of promise for the future was that " intellectual giant " Charles Skinner Matthews, Matthews *major* of boyish life, whose " infinite superiority " Byron stood in awe of, but Matthews at the time that he contemplated contesting the representation of the university, was whelm'd beneath the waters of the Cam (August 1811). Matthews *minor* of Eton, " the image, to the very voice of his brother Charles " left his contemporaries at Cambridge to travel through the south of Europe in pursuit of health, and produced the popular " diary of an invalid " which Byron pronounced " most excellent " as one of the three books " of truth or sense upon Italy." A stray reader or two will perhaps even at this date remember the work for its passionate regrets at his change of life from warm rooms on the shore of England to the stone staircases and starving casements of Florence or Rome. A third of these friends, William John Bankes, Byron's " collegiate pastor and master and patron " penetrated the districts of Syria and Mesopotamia, returned to visit Byron in Venice, and after several years of parliamentary life in England died in that city. Best known of all was John Cam Hobhouse, afterwards lord Broughton de Gyfford whose " recollections of a long life " printed for the entertainment of his friends in 5 vols.

in 1865 and only known for many years by an article in the *Edinburgh review* for April 1871 have within the last few months been partially revealed to a larger circle of readers. One more friend remains, Scrope Berdmore Davies, who excelled them all in knowledge of the classics and in brightness of conversation. An Eton boy, a Cambridge Don, he wasted his resources in the gambling hells of London and on the race-course of Newmarket. The second moiety of his life he spent, an exile from England, in pacing the digue of a Belgian seaside resort or in resting forsaken and neglected, on a bench in the gardens of the Tuileries or the Palais Royal. It is of Davies that I propose to write.

The name of Berdmore was more prominent in the eighteenth century than at the present day. One of the family was a prebendary in Southwell minster in 1743 ; a second, called Scrope Berdmore, was the warden of Merton college in 1790 and his armorial bookplate sometimes meets our eyes in the second-hand book catalogues. Another of them Thomas Berdmore, a dentist, dwelt in Racquet court, Fleet Street in November 1785. It was probably in allusion to him that Byron spoke of his friend as the "*dens*-descended Davies." In his profession this dentist attained to distinction. His treatise on "the disorders and deformities of the teeth and gums" came out in 1768 and a new edition was issued in 1770. About seventy years later it was deemed worthy of reprint in the *American journal of dental science.*

The boy's father, the Revd. Richard Davies came from Llangattock in Breconshire and graduated B.A. at Worcester college, Oxford, in 1779, while an elder brother matriculated from Merton college five years earlier. From 1777, two years be it noticed before he took his degree, to 1825, the year of his death, Richard Davies held the

vicarage of Horsley in Gloucestershire, situate about four miles from the town of Tetbury, and in the register of the parish "Christianisings," to use his own word, are the entries of seven of his children "by Margaretta his wife." The names and dates are (1) 9 May 1779, John—the vicar must have married while yet an undergraduate, (2) 10 Jan 1781, Isabella, (3) 1 Jany 1783 Scrope Berdmore, (4) 7 April 1785, Thomas, (5) 24 May 1787 Maria, (6) 9 July 1789 Genevova, born 30 March last, (7) David de l'Engle. For some years to 1792 the father held the lectureship in the parish church of Tetbury and he retained, with the living of Horsley, the vicarage of Tetbury from 1792 until 1825.

Scrope Berdmore Davies was born towards the end of the year 1782 and probably acquired the rudiments of his classical knowledge in the grammar school of Tetbury. It was founded in 1610 under the will of sir William Romney, alderman of the city of London, who had been born in and was a great benefactor to the town, and at it were educated Oldham, the poetical satirist, and Trapp, the unpoetical professor of poetry at Oxford. The worthy cit had risen by commerce and to stimulate others in the art of commercial calculation ordered in his will, that "the schoolmaster shall be very skilful in arithmetick, which art teacheth much wit unto all sorts of men and traders but is too little known in our land, especially in our country towns and cities." Alas for poor Davies, the art of adding and multiplying his resources never became his! Nor does the ordinance of the school that the Master "shall not read unto the schollars any of ye obscene odes, satyres, or epigrams of Juvenal Martial or Horace" appear if we may judge by his after life to have contributed to his moral edification.

Scrope Davies went to Eton and became one of its King's Scholars. We find him in the upper school fifth form

lower division in 1796, and in 1799 in the upper division. The head-master was George Heath but the reins of command were held by him very loosely and the numbers in the school declined from 489 to 357. Still many distinguished names can be found in the lists and among them figure a future prime minister and a future archbishop of Canterbury. The beaux and wits of after years were in great force at Eton at this period. Brummell and Raikes paced in Eton jackets its playing-fields and the two Matthews boys were in their company. Henry Matthews indeed made himself conspicuous by driving a tandem right through Eton and Windsor. Scrope's younger brother, Thomas, was also a King's Scholar at Eton and in 1802 was head-boy of the fifth form upper division. His college was Merton college at Oxford, no doubt selected on account of the connections of the family of Berdmore with it and he enjoyed a fellowship there from 1807 to 1840. Like his better-known brother the last part of his life was spent abroad. Let us hope that it was not for the same reason!

In 1801 Scrope proceeded to Kings College, Cambridge and was elected a scholar in July 1802. Next year he was awarded by the provost of Eton, the Belham Scholarship, a gift bestowed upon the scholars of Kings who had behaved well at Eton and he continued in possession of it until 1816. At that period the undergraduates at Kings were not required to submit themselves to the University examination for the degree of B.A. They took their degrees and obtained their fellowships as a matter of course without being compelled to face such an irksome ordeal as that. Scrope became B.A. in 1806 and M.A. in 1809 and was elected to a fellowship in July 1805. The course of time advanced him to a senior fellowship in 1822 and upon its proceeds he lived abroad until 1852. Scholarships and fellowships must have brought into his pockets

many thousands of pounds. Not a bad return for the talents of a man whose life benefitted neither his college nor his country. Once and once only is he mentioned by the latest historian of his college, and then, not very creditably. There was found one morning on the handle of the Lodge door a game hamper directed to the Provost with " Mr. Scrope Davies's compliments." It was opened and " found to contain a dead cat and even less attractive objects. Of course Scrope Davies was convened but he coolly maintained that if he had sent the hamper his own name was the last which he would have chosen to attach to it ; and so he escaped."

Byron was introduced to Scrope at Cambridge by Charles Skinner Matthews and their common tastes at once brought them together in terms of intimate friendship. Davies excelled in all athletic games such as boxing, cricket, tennis and swimming. At cricket or tennis he was unconquerable and he could compete on favourable terms with Byron in swimming. The pair united in depreciating the style of Matthews in that exercise. He swam " with *effort* and *labour* and *too high* out of the water " and Byron claimed that Scrope and he had always predicted that their friend " would be drowned if ever he came to a difficult pass in the water." This prediction, if ever uttered, was verified and after that event Davies became Byron's particular friend. He was admitted to his rooms at all hours and one occasion " found the poet in bed with his hair *en papillote*." Davies was the best talker of them all in this little côterie. He was " always ready and often witty." Hobhouse and Byron invariably went to the wall in their contests of wit with the other pair " and even Matthews yielded to the dashing vivacity of Scrope Davies."

To Byron's eyes Davies appeared more a man of the world than the other members of this little set and he did

not expect the death of Matthews to come home to a man of that temperament so keenly as it did to Hobhouse. But Davies was a true friend to Byron at all events, and did not shrink from telling the poet to his face of the faults which beset him and especially of his craze for desiring the world to invest him with a reputation for lunacy. When Byron's reckless speculations in thought used, as he himself expressed it, to suffer from " a confusion of ideas " and when with his wonted vehemence of phrase and with the melodramatic manner which captivated the youth of both sexes he would exclaim " I shall go mad," it would be the part of Scrope to pour ridicule on this affectation. Davies possessed a " quaint dry manner of speaking " and was numbered among the wits whose efforts were heightened by the charms of an irresistible stammer. Very quiet and cutting was his comment on Byron's conduct *rather silliness than madness.*

One or two of Scrope's jests at this period in his life have been preserved for us by his admiring associates. Their sparkle has evaporated. They are as flat as a bottle of Seltzer water the day after the cork has been drawn. Picture to yourselves Byron and Davies sitting at supper at Steevens's after the opera on a night in 1808 with their third bottle of claret before them. There enters young Goulburn, full of the praises of his horse, a forgotten Grimaldi, which had just won a race for him at Newmarket. " Did he win easy? " was the natural but not very inspiriting question of Scrope. " Sir " said Goulburn " he did not even condescend to *puff* at coming in." " No " said Scrope " and so you *puff* for him."

The scene of the other witticism is laid at Cambridge. Some amateur theatricals had been arranged and the hour for the play's production had arrived, when one of the performers called Tulk disappointed the company by

throwing up his part in a pet. Hobhouse made the necessary explanation to the audience and referred to the culprit as "*a* Mr. Tulk." This scornful allusion wounded the pride of the aspiring Roscius who openly resented the expression. "Perhaps" drawled out Scrope "you prefer being entitled *the* Mr. Tulk." This suggestion irritated him still more, but he knew that the lips which uttered it were those of a man with the reputation of being a good shot who had already fought two or three duels and he retired muttering some empty threats.

The friends whom Davies attracted to his side at Cambridge made easy for him the entrance into the inner life of society in London. He became one of the most fashionable men of his day. Byron, Douglas Kinnaird and Hobhouse "formed one part of the chain," Brummell, Alvanley and Davies another. Gronow no bad judge of a man's fitness for the dining table and the drawing room, who "lived much" with him and Wedderburn Webster called him "one of the most agreeable men I ever met." The rooms into which he entered once, were open to him always. Quietness in style, the absence of anything showy, these were the notes of his demeanour in social life. He had read much of classical and modern literature and was always ready with an apt quotation, which the man of Eton learning could appreciate. Gronow used to delight in obtaining from Davies his opinion of Byron. The answer was invariably the same. One unfailing expression came from his lips. Byron was "vain, overbearing, conceited, suspicious and jealous."

Davies on his way to taking the waters of Harrogate spent a week at Newstead Abbey with Byron in the August of 1811, when his host penned the comment on his parting guest "his gaiety (death cannot mar it) has done me service." It was arranged between them that

Byron should in the following October pass a week with Davies at Kings College. At one time Byron was under heavy pecuniary obligations to his friend. Davies was a daring gambler, blessed with the power of making shrewd calculations on the play of the cards or the throw of the dice and for some years fortune was on his side. It is said that on one night, that of 10 June 1814, he won no less than £6065 when playing macao at Watier's club. At all events he was in a position before 1809 to lend his friend several thousands of pounds. When the death of Matthews brought home to Byron the uncertainty of life he provided against accident by making his will and appointing Davies his executor. It embodied the necessary arrangements for the payment of his debts, but events proved that it was not necessary to wait for Byron's death for the discharge of the sums due to his creditors. He paid Davies the sum of £1500 in October 1812 and £4800 in March 1814 and expressed his satisfaction in the words "a debt of some standing, which I wished to have paid before. My mind is much relieved by the removal of that *debit*." It was presumably when flush with this money that Davies joined the Drury Lane committee, presented a share to Edmund Kean and subscribed to the Testimonial cup. Davies was the single friend from whom Byron seems to have borrowed.

Davies in his younger days of life in London was an inveterate drinker. One of his favourite sneers at Byron was to depreciate his powers of absorption of strong drink as good for a *holiday drinker*. But the draughts of Davies generally ended in tipsiness and a quarrel. It was no doubt on one of these occasions that he challenged lord Foley to a duel, when it needed all the energy of his poetic friend to reconcile their differences. One day (Sept. 1813) Byron wrote to Mrs. Leigh that between 8 and 11 on the

preceding evening Scrope and he had swallowed six bottles of burgundy and claret. Scrope became unwell and he was " rather feverish." On another night, 27 March 1814, the night before Byron moved into the Albany, Davies and he dined tête-à-tête at the Cocoa Tree. Their hours this time were from six to midnight and they drank between them one bottle of champagne and six of claret. The effect of this dinner was to make Davies tipsy and pious. Byron left him " on his knees praying to I know not what purpose." On the night of the appearance of the number of the *Edinburgh Review* containing the celebrated denunciation of the " Hours of Idleness," Byron dined alone with Davies. He acknowledged to have consumed three bottles of claret. Medwin records in his conversations (p. 95) that Davies, H—— and Byron clubbed together £19, all the loose cash that they had in their pockets and lost it in playing chicken hazard at a hell in St. James's Street. The usual result followed. They all got drunk together till H—— and Davies quarrelled. Scrope afterwards wrote to Byron for his pistols so that he might shoot himself, but Byron declined to lend them " on the plea that they would be forfeited as a deodand." Attempts at suicide under losses in betting afterwards became a mania with him.

Strange people found themselves in the lodgings of Scrope Davies in St. James's Street. It was there that Byron came one morning in a towering passion and standing before the fire broke out with the exclamation " Damn all women and that woman [lady Frances Wedderburn] in particular." He then tore from his watch-ribbon a seal which she had given him and dashed it into the grate. Scrope also claimed to be high in her favours and when Hodgson's letters were sold by Sotheby and Wilkinson on 2 March 1885, lot 10 was a letter from him written in

exile in 1828 descanting on her wondrous beauty. It was typical of the man's tastes, for it contained a quotation from Horace and references to the verses of Goldsmith.

Kaye, the learned and orthodox bishop of Lincoln, reminded Hodgson at the close of 1831 that their last meeting had been many years previously in the rooms of Scrope Davies. Byron and Dr. Clarke, the mineralogist and traveller, of Cambridge, were present. They were joined later on by Spencer Perceval, then engaged, says the bishop, in a "harder task than any imposed on Hercules, that of endeavouring to bring the house of commons to a sense of religion." Perceval was anxious for an introduction to Byron and they argued "the question determined by Locke in the negative, whether there is an innate notion of the deity." By 1831, such was the bishop's reflection, two of the party had gone to their account and Davies was in exile.

Parisina was dedicated to Davies by Byron in the following terms :—

"To
Scrope Beardmore (*sic*) Davies, Esq.
The following poem
Is inscribed
By one who has long admired his Talents
And valued his Friendship"

and the dedication was dated January 22, 1816. The "Siege of Corinth" was published in the same volume with it and the dedication ran :—

"To
John Hobhouse, Esq.
This poem is inscribed
By his
Friend."

Byron thought this sublime, but Hobhouse "would have liked it better" if he had not dedicated the other poem to Davies, and he told Byron of his feelings.

Before the spring of the year had passed away Byron was an exile. On 20 April 1816 he presented to Scrope a copy of the Philadelphia edition of his poems (1813; 2 vols.) which had been given to him in the previous June by George Ticknor. The volumes afterwards passed to sir Francis Burdett. Three days later Byron at half-past nine in the morning fled to the continent, just escaping the bailiffs. "Polidori and Hobhouse went in Scrope Davies's chaise; Byron and Davies in Byron's new Napoleonic carriage built by Baxter for £500." They arrived at Dover by half-past eight and dined at the *Ship*. On 25 April Hobhouse was up to an eight o'clock breakfast but Byron did not appear. The captain was impatient, "even the serenity of Scrope was disturbed," but after some bustle out came Byron and walked down to the quay. Slowly the packet glided out of the harbour bearing the poet, never again to return to his native shores. Disconsolate and overwhelmed in gloom, Davies and Hobhouse returned to London (Lord Broughton, *recollections of a long life, I.*, 334–6.)

Davies was entrusted at Dover with a parcel for Miss Mercer, who afterwards married the comte de Flahault. He was to give it to her with Byron's message "had I been fortunate enough to marry a woman like you, I should not now be obliged to exile myself from my country." The friends had their portraits painted in miniature and on ivory by James Holmes for presentation to one another. The portrait of Byron, an admirable likeness, was painted in 1815; it afterwards became the property of Mr. Alfred Morrison. That of Davies, $4\frac{3}{4}$ by $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, in gold frame, was among the relics of the poet which were sold at Christie's on 5 Dec. 1906 and was subsequently on sale by Mr. Bertram Dobell. On the back was the autograph inscription "Painted by Js. Holmes 1816 for lord Byron — Scrope

Davies." Byron described his own miniature as "a picture of my upright self, done for Scrope B. Davies, Esq." Prints of it were made about a year later.

Davies and Byron used to have boxing bouts in the latter's rooms and sometimes "gentleman" Jackson, the pugilist, was a third in these encounters. It was on one of these occasions that Holmes made the acquaintance of Scrope. When sitting for his portrait Davies told the story of a dangerous incident in his life. "A small thin man but extremely handy with his fists," his appearance on one of the wharves on the Thames attracted the attention of some of the coal-heavers. They began to make fun of the dapper little gentleman dressed in the height of fashion. Chaff was returned with chaff, threats followed on retorts, and Davies was soon confronted by a huge bargee, one blow from whose fist would have settled the diminutive dandy. He lunged, Davies warded the blow, and at once struck him with all his force in the wind. "He instantly fell all in a heap. His friends crowded round thinking he was dead and I took to my heels" says Davies "and ran for my life." (*Life of Holmes, by Alfred T. Storey, pp.* 55, 59.)

Lady Morgan recounts an incident that happened in Scrope's rooms. One fine morning "Mr. Lovett of Lismore of literary notoriety" sauntered into them and threw himself on a sofa. The room was filled with books which Davies explained were left by Byron on his departure and had not yet been arranged. Lovett took up some of the volumes and among them was Vathek. "Oh you must lend me this, I have never read it" was his delighted exclamation. Eagerly turning over the leaves he came across a manuscript addressed to lady Caroline Lamb. It was the poem, with the bitter lines, beginning

"Thou false to him, thou fiend to me."

A few hours before his flight from England in May 1816 poor George Brummell sent to Davies the piteous appeal :

"My Dear Scrope,—Lend me two hundred pounds. The banks are shut and all my money is in the three per cents. It shall be repaid to-morrow morning.

Yours,
George Brummell."

The reply was as laconic and as true :

"My Dear George,—'Tis very unfortunate, but all my money is in the three per cents.

Yours
S. Davies."

One of Scrope's best-remembered jests was on the flight of the "Beau," who bought at Calais a French grammar to improve his French. Davies when asked what progress the exile had made in his studies remarked that "like Buonaparte in Russia, he had been stopped by the elements." Byron put the witticism into *Beppo*, "a fair exchange and no robbery," as he alleged.

A great crowd of persons distinguished in the inmost circles of Whiggism became members of Brooks's Club on 11 May 1816. Among them were Cam Hobhouse, Leicester Stanhope, Raikes the diarist and Scrope Davies. Somewhat later in that year Hobhouse and he visited Byron at Villa Diodati on the shores of Lake Leman. On 30 July 1816 they "crossed to Calais and supped with Brummell." They travelled through the Belgian cities to Cologne and then ascended the Rhine. Nearly a month after their departure—it was on 26 August—the travellers arrived at Villa Diodati, "a delightful house and spot." Next day they walked to Geneva and two days later the party, including Byron, set off on an excursion to Chamouni. Davies returned to England on 5 September, when Hobhouse "took

leave of my friend and fellow traveller, with whom I have not had even a bickering upon a six weeks tour. Good fortune attend him!" (*lord Broughton*, II., 1—12.)

Davies returned to England with the statement that the poet, although gloomy, was in good health and full of spirit; he brought back also some trinkets for Byron's nieces and the fair copy of the third canto of Childe Harold. Whether this copy was ever delivered to John Murray remains a matter of doubt. Byron wrote a letter of enquiry about it in December 1816, in which he dubbed poor Davies a man "of inaccurate memory" and maliciously adds that he "will bountifully bestow extracts and transcriptions on all the curious of his acquaintance." Ultimately this canto was printed from the transcript brought to England by Shelley. Davies became more and more associated in the public mind with the poet's friendship. He gave evidence on 28 November 1816 before the lord chancellor in the case of Byron *v.* Johnson, when an injunction was obtained to restrain Johnson from publishing a volume with the title of "lord Byron's Childe Harold's pilgrimage to the Holy Land." He was among those consulted on the propriety of publishing Don Juan and he concurred with his associates, Hobhouse, Douglas Kinnaird, Moore and Frere, in recommending that it should be suppressed. Murray advised the author to "wrap up or leave out certain approximations to indelicacy." This reminded Byron of George Lamb's quarrel at Cambridge with Davies. "Sir," said Lamb "he *hinted* at my illegitimacy." "Yes," said Scrope "I called him a damned adulterous bastard."

Tom Moore chronicles in his diary the doings of many of the fashionable members of the Whig party. He describes a visit which he paid in September 1818 to Ramsbury, the Wiltshire seat of Sir Francis Burdett. Scrope

was another of the guests, told many stories, and in the evening music joined in the singing of Purcell's "Waters of Babylon." Hobhouse was also of the party, and records that "in conversation Moore beat them out of the field. I saw Scrope was envious." Moore in the subsequent pages of his diary repeats several of the jests of our friend, including some which Hodgson, the provost of Eton, who had been senior boy to Davies and Skinner Matthews in the school, had told him. Davies called some person "who had a habit of puffing out his cheeks when he spoke and was not remarkable for veracity" The Æolian lyre." His epitaph on Lord L. ran :

> "Here lies L.'s body, from his soul asunder,
> He once was on the turf and now is under."

Davies used to enjoy sailing in a boat called the Swallow, but the waves at last proved too tempestuous for him. He wrote lines on his troubles, two of which were :

> "If ever in the Swallow I to sea
> Shall go again, may the sea swallow me."

On the whole it must be allowed that Scrope's witticisms, if amusing at the moment, were hardly framed for permanent wear.

After their meeting at the country house of Burdett, then an ardent radical, his two guests, Moore and Davies, became very intimate. Moore dined at Scrope's lodgings (29 Nov. 1818) to meet "gentleman" Jackson the boxer, and in less than a week afterwards breakfasted in his rooms at seven o'clock, when they adjourned "to the fight at Crawley, between Randall and Turner," two forgotten pugilists. Moore went to the opera at Covent Garden and in lady Oxford's box found "a rare set of reformers, Hobhouse, Douglas Kinnaird and Scrope Davies." Davies made a lasting impression on Moore. Some years later,

it was in 1824, Washington Irving dined with him " near the Park." They sat long at table when Fitzroy Stanhope and their host repeated incessant anecdotes about Davies, much to the annoyance of Kenney, who was also of the party, who complained bitterly " it was nothing but Scrope Davies this and Scrope Davies that ; they killed me with their Scrope Davies." (*Irving's life, II.*, 168—9.)

These reformers, who met in the public glare of the opera had their little differences in private life. Among the Hobhouse manuscripts at the British Museum (*Addit. MSS.* 36457, *ff.* 408—9) is a letter from Scrope, written from 11 Great Ryder Street in 1819, complaining that Hobhouse had used " offensive and vulgar expressions to him yesterday," and demanding an apology. The request was at once met in the frankest way. Hobhouse sent a letter of regret stating that he had shown it to Kinnaird and authorising Davies to bring it under the notice of Bickersteth.

During all these years Scrope gambled in St. James's Street and plunged at Newmarket. For a time success crowned his ventures but then the tide of fortune ran heavily against him. It was his habit, after a heavy loss on the turf, to cut his throat. The cynics spread the rumour that this was a device to gain time. At all events it was practised so often that the surgeon declared his intention of not answering any future summons. Oakes was the name of this operator and he is reported to have said " there is no danger : I have sewn him up six times already."

The fatal day, when he could face his creditors no more, came in December 1820. No resource was open to him save flight to the continent. Like Byron, like Brummell, he crossed the channel. The comment of Byron was " our friend, Scrope, is dished, diddled and done up."

Thenceforward his days were to be passed in those resorts abroad which were mainly frequented by the impecunious Englishmen who had brought themselves to penury. His future lot was to dream of the white cliffs of England and to dwell in imagination only among his old associates of Mayfair.

His life in Belgium and in France is familiar to us through the gossiping chroniclers of that age. Thomas Colley Grattan has described him in the second volume of "Beaten paths" (1862) in the chapter on "diners-out; Scrope Davies." For five or six years Davies had settled at Ostend "the Magnus Apollo of a confined set" and had become a trifle dictatorial. His life was varied by a change to Brussels for a week's dining out, and it was on one of these occasions in 1827 that Grattan first met him. At the beginning of dinner he was confused in speech and half-maudlin; he wanted warming-up. That time came and he "talked fluently, quoted freely" and evidently remembered much. His conversation lacked method and sequence but he brought into play the lives of Byron and Porson and the celebrities of the university that he had been brought up at. He could give "a repartee of Fox, a saying of Pitt, a tirade of Burke, or a sarcasm of Sheridan" as if he had heard them himself, and he showed the possession of a "perfect facility for the light and easy style of table-talk." His hair was "close cut and grizzled" and his forehead was poor. He had led a hard life and his mental powers and bodily vigour had suffered decay.

They met at breakfast at the house of "Kit Hughes, the American minister," when Scrope enlarged on the "fancy" and probably recounted the narrative of Tom Moore's visit to the Crawley prize-fight. He had told Grattan at their first meeting that he had completed "all but the last chapter" of his life of Byron and that Murray had offered

him an excessive price for it. Some inkling of the intentions of Davies must have reached Tom Moore ; possibly it came through Grattan. For Moore wrote to John Murray in 1828 that " Scrope Davies both from his cleverness and the materials he must possess is rather a formidable competitor and it might at least be worth your while to enter into negotiations with him for his work."

The same jokes, anecdotes and quotations flowed from the lips of Davies on their renewal of intercourse in August 1836. Grattan then noticed on this occasion his ignorance of modern languages ; he talked " even French very imperfectly." But there was an improvement in his habits of life and he walked on the digue at Ostend in the early morning hours of 7 and 8. He repeated " word for word " the statement about his contemplated life of Byron, adding that Moore had applied to him for information but that he had refused to give any assistance. By next year Davies had " a bachelor's residence " at Dunkerque, but the friends met again at Ostend in August and next month at Calais. Once more he spoke about his life of Byron and Grattan saw John Murray about the book. His " papers were a sort of chaos, without form and void." The completed pages were few and unconnected and he wanted a library for his work ; but after this conversation with Grattan he announced his intention, on returning to Dunkerque, to set to the composition in earnest. These good intentions soon flickered out : nothing came of the enterprise nor indeed of that " account of Porson and other literary friends " which Pryse Lockhart Gordon, another refugee in Belgium, announced that " Porson's intimate friend and associate Mr. Scrope Davies is preparing for the press."

Another of these enforced sojourners on the un-English side of the channel, Tom Raikes of diary-fame, makes

frequent mention of Scrope Davies both in his journals and in his private correspondence. They dined together at Versailles on 20 May 1835 and Raikes expected to see him on 26 May but instead received a despondent letter. " Lethargic days and sleepless nights " writes Scrope " have reduced me to a state of nervous irritability," and he quotes from Rasselas that " of all uncertainties the uncertain continuance of reason is the most dreadful. . . . I would much rather be accessory to my own death "—evidently the unhappy man is still thinking of throat-cutting——" than to my own insanity. The dead are less to be deplored than the insane. . . . Babylon in all its desolation is a sight not so awful as that of the human mind in ruins. It is a firmament without a sun, a temple without a god. I have survived most of my friends : heaven forbid I should survive myself." Raikes wrote in reply recommending " quiet and calomel " and entered in his diary his fear that " the brandy-bottle has much to do with the excitement." Next day he called on Davies and found him " well and gone out."

In June 1837 Raikes and Davies passed two days in the pleasant town of Gisors. Raikes was then busy in composing the volume on Petersburg which was published in 1838 under the title of " The city of the Czar." He wanted some classical quotations for insertion in its pages. The average reader of those days, like the average country-gentleman in parliament, wanted his Latin tags. He wrote to Davies as a fellow of King's for help and the reply from Dunkerque (13 Dec. 1837) was " I have very few classical books here and no classical acquaintance ; while my memory is as treacherous as a black-lead pencil."

Two months later Davies in a letter to Raikes from the same seaside resort, then the quietest of the resorts on that long line of dunes, challenged Ball Hughes—the name

will be familiar to all readers of Gronow as another of the extravagant men of fashion who died on foreign soil—to mortal combat at tennis. They met in fight in March 1840 and Raikes was a witness of the struggle. But now poor Davies was ill. The influenza, in the familiar language of that game, had "added half 15 to my years and taken away from my play half 30." He was coming to Paris, would show Miss Raikes "a French translation of Manfred of which I possess the copyright, and which should she declare it to possess such merit as I am informed it does I intend to publish, together with some other writings about which I have no alarm."

A second letter in the spring of 1838 records "a second attack of the grippe which had left him more dead than alive." He had discovered, but the truth came home to him somewhat too late in life "that a man can live on very little." For nearly six months he had never but once "drank more than one bottle of weak Bordeaux per diem. This I solemnly declare. I have surprised myself." He now had "impudence for a dinner-party and within a week he intended to be in Paris to get one." Indeed the French translation of Manfred "is already packed up in my trunk" and there it seems to have remained. (Raikes, *private correspondence, pp.* 70—83).

In September 1840 Davies wrote to Raikes from the Hotel d'Angleterre at Abbeville. His companion was a volume of Burke, and he was on his way to St. Germain where he intended "to pass four or five days before taking an apartment in Paris." Meantime he purposed visiting Dieppe for two or three days and then proceeding to Rouen to gratify his tastes as a gourmet. "The table d'hôte at Rouen is admirable. There are objections to all but fewer to that at Rouen than to any I ever knew." His chief reason for this praise was not complimentary to his

nationality. "There are rarely any English to be seen there." The second argument was more original. "As Paris is France, so at this hotel the table d'hôte is the kitchen. Each and every dish at a private dinner is a réchauffé." So he invites Raikes to drop down the river and rest for two or three days at Rouen.

Colley Grattan came across him again at Boulogne in August 1849. His appearance was quite changed and for the better. He looked spruce, "so neatly-dressed, so gentlemanlike in air, so lively and fresh in conversation." His dining-out days were past and gone. But he had acquired an unfortunate habit. He had taken to walk in his sleep and had on one occasion "awoke finding himself on the banks of a river." A year or two later he had ventured to cross to England. Hawtrey met him at Eton probably in the autmn of 1851 but would not have recognised him "had he not mentioned his name." He seemed quite broken down.

The home of Scrope Davies was then in Paris; he was lodging at No. 2 Rue Miromenil and living on £80 a year. There he died suddenly, on 24 May 1852. He left this world "obscurely, but not quite deserted, or with any ignominious circumstances of discomfort." One old friend, Hopkins Northey, was with him. He had been one of that brilliant little set of Englishmen at Brussels that so warmly welcomed the visits of Davies.

His slight expenditure in living is corroborated by the chronicler of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. He had become "economical, almost penurious, and is supposed to have accumulated a large sum of money." Another popular belief was that he possessed some curious documents relating to lord Byron. None, however, could be found, "nor the ring which the noble lord sent on his death-bed by his valet Fletcher and upon which Davies placed much

value." The money was a myth. When letters of administration of his estate were granted on 2 September 1852 to his sister, Isabella Wood, a widow, the estate was sworn at something less than £450.

Hawtrey penned the general verdict on the character of Scrope Davies. He was a "most agreeable and kind-hearted person. I shall not soon forget the pleasant hours I have passed with him." His fault seems to have been a disposition to quarrel.

One or two anecdotes connected with his name still have point. He it was that on the strength of his intimacy with the testy sir Philip Francis once ventured to say, "sir Philip, will you allow me to put a question to you?" The answer was "at your peril, sir; at your peril." Another of his sayings had its origin in the dinners of the Whig club at Cambridge which Byron used to attend. At one of them the youth who became the duke of —— presided. He rose to give the recognised toast of Whiggism. "Gentlemen, I will give you the noble cause for which" (turning aside to Hobhouse in a whisper, "which of them died on the field?" but no answer; so the orator continued) "Sydney died on the field and Hampden on the scaffold."

Few, very few, now remember much of Scrope Davies. Mr. Walter Sichel asserted that Mr. Henley had forgotten that "the sir Berdmore Scrope in the first novel [Vivian Grey] and the sketch of lord Scrope in the second [Venetia] are patently derived from Byron's witty friend, Berdmore Scrope Davies." Another admirer of lord Beaconsfield was even less fortunate. Disraeli, addressing one of the Runnymede letters to the then sir John Cam Hobhouse says that some words of his in a recent debate seemed "not so much the inspiration of the moment as the reminiscence of some of those quips and cranks of Matthews and Scrope

Davies of which you were the constant and often the unconscious victim." The learned commentator when reprinting these addresses committed the indecency of penning to the first name the note "Charles Matthews, the elder," and to the second "a little doctor who attends lady Burdett." Shades of Charles Skinner Matthews and Scrope Berdmore Davies! Would you not come back to earth again on hearing of this insolent ignorance?

LORD WEBB SEYMOUR

A SWARM of young men of keen ambition and conspicuous talents settled in Edinburgh in the closing years of the eighteenth century. The long French war debarred them from visiting the countries of the continent, and the absence of any liberality of thought in the dons drove them from the colleges of the English universities. Parents whose views in politics were not opposed to progress in liberalism and who desired some expansion of sentiment for their sons, looked outside their native country of England for more congenial training for their offspring. This was found in the capital of the North and the favourite tutor for such youths was Dugald Stewart, a man of philosophic mind and eloquent expression of speech. Literature and science ruled the circles of life in Edinburgh at this time. Its citizens lived simple and frugal lives. The love of display had not eaten into their minds, and in intellectual activity they were certainly not inferior to the residents in the more populous city on the Thames.

Some of these young men, who were destined to high position in subsequent life, lived under Stewart's roof and came under the personal charm of his second wife, familiar to us now as "Ivy." The future lords Palmerston and Dudley were two of these favourites of fortune. Others were his pupils although not living in his house, and the list included the future marquess of Lansdowne, and the statesman best known as lord John Russell. Stewart had early in life been imbued with the doctrines of Adam Smith and his successive visits to France, in 1783, 1788 and

1789, had admitted him to the society of such illustrious Parisians as Turgot, Necker, D'Alembert, Helvetius and Marmontel. He was far and away the best instructor within the United Kingdom for studious youth.

Stewart's lectures on "political economy" revealed a new world to the majority of the residents in Edinburgh. They created a marked sensation and were attended by many genuine enthusiasts in that science as well, it is said, by a few opponents who hoped to entangle the professor in his speech. Among the audience there sat side by side young students passing through their college course and matured members of the bar. To those names already mentioned may be added such conspicuous personages as Sydney Smith, Francis Horner, Henry Brougham, Henry Cockburn and the historian of a later date, sir Archibald Alison. One student attended two sessions of these lectures and his name has attracted my attention for many years. This was lord Webb Seymour, the friend of such men as Sydney Smith, Francis Horner, Henry Hallam and John Playfair, the geologist, but a man without any record in our great national dictionary of biography. His name and qualities slumbered without disturbance for long years after his death. They were "made known to the world for the first time in the life of Horner" (*Gent. Mag.*, 1844, pt. I., 457) but after a flickering period of existence passed once more into oblivion. They were revived in the volume of "correspondence of two brothers" the eleventh duke of Somerset and himself, which lady Helen Guendolen Ramsden, a member of the family brought out in 1906. This very interesting volume contained some fresh information about this distinguished student but more remains to be revealed. It is the aim of this memoir to bring more plainly into light the career of a studious recluse, whose thoughts were absorbed in vast schemes of

intellectual and moral improvement, doomed never to be fulfilled.

Lord Webb John Seymour—the second name was soon dropped — inherited from his father, the 10th duke of Somerset, the christian name of Webb which had been brought into the family in 1716 by Mary Webb, a Wiltshire heiress, and the wife of the 8th duke. He was born on the 7 February, 1777, and commenced his life-long course of education at the local school of Ramsbury in Wiltshire, kept at that time by the rev. Edward Meyrick, who after being vicar of the parish from 1786 to 1811 died on 31 January, 1830. On the 29 January, 1794, when a few days short of the age of 17, he matriculated from Christ Church, Oxford, where his elder brother had preceded him just two years previously, and at once entered into residence within the walls of that House. During the next three years he passed most of his time at Oxford, declining all invitations to social life and devoting his energies to studies. That was the keynote of his whole life. John Kidd, the mineralogist, was a student at the house from 1793 to 1797, and the similarity of their tastes may have drawn them together and inspired him with a love for natural science. On 15 December, 1797, Seymour was created M.A. and left the university.

A glimpse of his life in the autumn of 1797 is given to us in a letter which Anna Seward, the " swan of Lichfield " wrote on 21 Sept. when she was staying with some friends at Dinbren, a house overlooking the vale of Llangollen. She had paid a visit, probably on the preceding day, to the two Irish-born " maids of Llangollen," at their cottage of Plas Newydd, above that little town, and lord Webb Seymour came at the same time to pay a call on those mysterious creatures. He was making a pedestrian tour into the Principality, and the two marked characteristics

of his after years "devotion to natural history and exploring spirit" had already taken possession of him. Unbounded eulogies were poured upon him by the gushing Anna. His qualities "exalt him far above the level of idle, sauntering young noblemen whom nothing can stimulate to rational research or manly exertion, nor does it less exalt him above the frantic train

"Who never think,
All morning hunt, all evening drink."

Webb was accompanied on this expedition by a "scarcely less juvenile preceptor," Christopher Smyth, who had taken his degree of B.A. from Christ Church in 1794, and was studying for the law at Lincoln's Inn. He was already numbered among the Swan's correspondents and had done her the service of translating into Latin her poetical monody on the unfortunate André, a production which gave her some fame in the literary world. With them was a third person, "a Mr. Booth, whose landscapes are said to be of matchless skill, though he is not professional, but a clergyman. He has most obligingly offered me (says Miss Seward) one of his fine drawings, with liberty to make my own choice from his portfolios." This obliging gentleman was no doubt the rev. R. S. Booth, whose landscapes were exhibited, according to the catalogue of Mr. Algernon Graves, in the rooms of the Royal Academy from 1796 to 1807.

These three gentlemen dined and supped that night at the house of the friends of Miss Seward, lingering in such pleasant society until two in the morning. The hours were beguiled by "the syren strains" of a lady of the company and "the manly harmonies of her father's songs." This party of three, with the addition of Miss Seward and her friends, were to drink tea "at the Arcadian cottage" of

the maids on the next day, and the Swan again dwelt on the pleasure with which she would select one of Mr. Booth's pictures. She had determined to choose "a Cambrian scene," which would remind her of "many natives of Wales and some who have built their nest amid its rocks." Possibly too she had in her mind the chance of producing at some future date an illustrated edition of the poem on "Llangollen vale," which she had brought out in 1796 and inscribed to its two illustrious maids "the peerless Twain" (*15th rep. hist., MSS., pt. VII., MSS. of sir T. H. G. Puleston, bart., p.* 343.)

Some time in the last months of 1797 lord Webb settled himself at Edinburgh with the intention of training himself in moral and physical philosophy. "A stranger came among us while these men" the chief lawyers that Scotland had produced, the thinkers who were soon to establish the *Edinburgh Review,* and such men as Walter Scott and Leyden "were still here." Such are the words with which Henry Cockburn introduces to us lord Webb Seymour on his joining the eminent band of Scotch enthusiasts in that city. "He had left his own country and renounced all the ordinary uses of rank and fortune for study," and in Scotland he was destined to abide for the greater part of his life, even from that time onwards until his premature death. In that country were the books that he loved and the literary friends whose society he delighted in, by whom he was "respected and beloved. Slow, thoughtful, reserved and very gentle, he promoted the philosophical task even of Horner and enjoyed quietly the jocularity of Sydney Smith and tried gravely to refute the argumentative levities of Jeffrey."

Webb Seymour was not long in this delightful capital before he joined some of the learned societies that flourished in its midst. A few of the members of the

"Literary society" formed themselves in 1797 into a more select association of thinkers and gave themselves the grand title of the "Academy of physics." The object of the association was the investigation of nature and they proposed to themselves the especial study of the "laws by which her phenomena are regulated and the history of opinions concerning these laws." Brougham, Leyden and Thomas Brown, the metaphysician, were among its starters: Seymour, Horner and Jeffrey were numbered in the ranks of its first recruits. The society proceeded for some time with great spirit, its last-recorded meeting being on 1 May 1800, when Seymour and Brougham were present. From those societies are said to have proceeded the literary and scientific associations which made possible the starting of the *Edinburgh Review*, and Seymour attended some of the consultations which ended in its starting.

On 28 January 1799 Seymour was elected a member of the "Royal Society of Edinburgh," and he was counsellor of its physical class in Nov. 1815, 1816 and 1817. About 1800 the "Chemical Society" was projected by Brougham, when doctor John Thomson, and Horner and Seymour, naturally joined it. The "Friday club" was the suggestion of Walter Scott in 1803. It was a weekly meeting for supper and conversation of the chief literary persons in Edinburgh who had the instincts of social life. At the time of its formation lord Webb was in England and Horner was instructed by Jeffrey in August of that year to inform him of the new society and suggest that he should apply for membership. The application was promptly made and in 1804 the society was enriched by the addition of his name. To the more famous "Speculative society of Edinburgh," which was crowded with his friends and associates, I note with some surprise, that he does not seem to have belonged.

These societies were in Edinburgh, but Seymour was

also a member of several of London's leading bodies in science. He was elected "by virtue of the privilege granted by the charter to the peerage" a Fellow of the "Royal Society" on 11 Nov. 1802, Lord Castlereagh receiving like honour on the same day, and his name appears on the first printed list to 3 June 1808 of the fellows of the "Geological society," the institution having been founded on the 13 Nov. previously. When he desired to become a Fellow of the "Linnean society" he was recommended (19 Dec. 1797) for election "as a practical botanist and mineralogist and as likely to prove a valuable member" by such well-known men of science as William Wood, sir Christopher Pegge, A. B. Lambert, W. G. Maton and Charles Hatchett.

Henry Mackenzie, the author of the *Man of Feeling*, but no "lily-handed" sentimentalist he, rather "a great broad-shouldered genial" Scotchman, was the Nestor of its literature at this period. His fame had its birth thirty years before and he who had been an intimate friend of David Hume and the other celebrities of about 1770 lived to witness the rising glow and the sunset of Scott's fortunes. His house was the resort of the best society, that which Mrs. Grant of Laggan defines as the concourse of "people of fashion with cultivated minds." This was the expression which she used in a letter to Catherine Fanshawe, a distinguished representative among women of that class in life, and at the head of the list she places the name of lord Webb Seymour.

When Francis Horner, the young Marcellus of the English whigs, returned to Edinburgh in the autumn of 1797, he at once resumed the studies in which he delighted. The study of equity he shared with Brougham; in metaphysics and political economy he read with Seymour. Horner and Seymour kept diaries which have been printed

and we are able to follow their courses. They discussed after each of Dugald Stewart's lectures, "the different arguments or topics which it comprehended." They projected a joint-stock translation of Turgot's political and philosophical writings and Seymour was to share in the literary labour. On many occasions they read together and analysed the works of Bacon. Horner, in his diary for February 1799 supplies us with an analysis of his friend's character. He did not possess a genius of high order, but he was consumed by "an ardent passion for knowledge and improvement." There was engrained in him the habit of study "intense almost to plodding," and it was combined with "a mild, timid, reserved disposition." Three years later this estimate was strengthened and deepened. Seymour was then pronounced "very slow in apprehension, partly from . . . a want of energy, or at least imagination, partly too from principle and voluntary habit; but then he possesses, in an eminent degree, the truly philosophic qualities of scrupulous caution, unconquerable patience, unclouded candour." The vision of their future lives then rises before the eyes of the young critic. Seymour's will be passed in "speculative labour and scientific accumulation;" his own is to be swallowed up "in the passing ephemeral details of professional activity."

Horner shared with John Playfair the distinction of being Seymour's "particular friends," but it was for the sake of the latter's society, a fellow-enthusiast in devotion to geology and mathematics, that life at Edinburgh was decided upon. They used to be called husband and wife and "in congeniality and affection" says Henry Cockburn, no union could have been more complete. Before he knew this pair of friends he used to envy "their walks in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, and their scientific excur-

sions to the recesses of the Highland glens and the summits of the Highland mountains. Two men more amiable, more philosophical and more agreeable there could not be." For the study of the growing science of geology, then but a child in years, Seymour made constant excursions into the most fascinating districts of our national scenery. In the middle of 1799 Horner and he made an excursion of twelve days to the Western Highlands, and Horner kept in a special book a journal of their proceedings. Where is that journal now?

Playfair and Seymour travelled in Cornwall in 1799 and inspected a mine near Redruth, called Toll Carne. A long account of the travels made by Seymour in the summer of 1800 is printed in lady Ramsden's "correspondence of two brothers." Playfair and a third devotee to geology, were with him at the start. They departed from Edinburgh on the 14th of July, and after a visit to the three ruined abbeys of Melrose, Dryburgh and Jedburgh made a detailed investigation of the internal attractions of Naworth, heard the roaring of the waters at the invisible bottom of the deep ravine by which that castle stands, and admired the venerable oaks which harmonised with its sombre exterior.

After an inspection of Corby castle the party proceeded to the lakes, and with Gray's epithets in their minds made the proper observations on the charming prospects as yet undestroyed by crowds of tourists. Seymour even spent a night in the ascent of Skiddaw, leaving Keswick at 1 in the morning, arriving at the mountain's topmost peak at ¼ before 4, and staying there for an hour. In the "charms of the varying prospect," he forgot, while descending, his fatigue, and after breakfast went "to Hutton's Museum," where the collection of minerals was "tolerable." A day or two earlier he had looked at Crosthwaite's Museum at Keswick, and he wrote favourably of the collection. "There

are several things in it really curious. The skeleton of a Buffalo's head dug out of a moss near Keswick measures 2 feet 5 inches in length. Was this enormous animal the Urus of Cæsar ? "

The Lakes had not yet become associated in the minds of men with the leading English poets of the day, but the strangers became acquainted with their chief celebrities. One of them was a " singular character " called Crichton of Coniston. This man, a small farmer, cultivating the soil with his own hands, " knew something of mathematics and of mineralogy," and had speculated " on subjects which seldom trouble the thoughts of men in his rank of life," but he lived among men inferior to himself and was consumed with the vain thought that he knew everything. Hence it was that he fell into the mistake of explaining with " formal gravity " to his betters in knowledge the operation of volcanoes and the effects of the deluge. He amused Seymour with the observation that " Todhunter, who has a collection of curiosities at Kendal, was an industrious little man, but the worst of him was he wanted genius and was but a poor scholar." Some future historian of the associations of the Lakes might tell us something about such men as these. It is probable that their collections formed the nucleus of the museums now existing at Kendal and Keswick.

When this little band of geological enthusiasts dined at Colgarth with Watson, the bishop of Llandaff, they made the acquaintance of a more distinguished resident. " He was in high spirits and said many good things." His guests encouraged him, for they were of his way of thinking in politics and theology. So the bishop opened his mind to them and expressed his views on a variety of topics " with a liberality of sentiment that does him the highest honour." Unfortunately he was not content to dwell on

subjects which he had plumbed the depths of. He must needs discourse on geology, when "he showed himself totally ignorant of all the late discoveries and doctrines on the subject." His guests were sorry for him and could not but smile.

The three friends passed, ever lingering by the way, through the dales of Yorkshire, "and over some tedious hills" to Derbyshire. In exploring the beauties of that county many days were passed and on three separate occasions they examined the collections of White Watson at Bakewell. He was a geologist of a different type, a scientific student who might have found a place in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Webb Seymour puts on record the pleasure of the party "with the clearness of Watson's explanation and the candour with which he discussed geological topics." An account of this collection is given under Bakewell in the *Beauties of England and Wales*. Watson's house was on the site of the ancient bath and his collection of fossils "attracted many visitors from Buxton and Matlock during the summer season." The curiosities were chiefly in mineralogy. One section contained 1350 specimens relating to the county; a second consisted of fossils arranged and described after the system of Werner; the third related to those minerals which are employed in the arts and manufactures. Besides these divisions, Watson owned many curious antiquities that had been found in the county. His collections are said by Dr. Murray to be contained in Bingham's Museum, in Bath Street, Bakewell.

The little party now diverged to Alderley "where we found Mr. Stanley eager to see his friend Playfair," and in that pleasant abode they lingered for several days. They inspected the drawings made during the voyage of sir John Thomas Stanley to Iceland in 1791. With him and his family they descended a salt-pit at Northwich. His wife, the vivacious Maria Josepha Stanley, daughter of Gibbon's

friend, the first lord Sheffield, remarked of Webb Seymour that she "never met a more pleasing young man, in regard to the universal knowledge he had acquired and the total absence of conceit." Her husband renewed the acquaintance at Bath in the summer of 1804, and revived these favourable impressions of his character. "The more I have sounded Seymour's mind," says this Cheshire baronet "the richer I have found it and strong on almost every subject we have touched upon. Every branch of philosophy, science, belles-lettres or taste, has dropped some of its fruit for him. He kept up the conversation with as much ease as I heard him converse on mineralogy at Alderley. If his principles of conduct, moral sense and temper correspond with what I have seen, and we should meet again, from acquaintance we must become friends." (*Early Married life of M. J. Stanley, pp.* 202—3, 273—4.)

The party now separated. Playfair returned to Scotland. Seymour crossed country to West Bromwich to pay a visit to Hallam, the historian, his contemporary in years and his fellow undergraduate at Christ Church, and with him to inspect some of the manufactories in the district. His travels were not yet over. He spent some days with his brother at his home of Farley, in Wiltshire, rode over to Bowood to enjoy the conversation of lord Henry Petty, and after a leisurely tour round the Isle of Wight returned to his mother's house at Lymington. Here he read some of the volumes of William Gilpin on English Scenery, allowed him great taste but very little philosophical spirit, and went to see the old parson, now aged 77, at his house of Vicars Hill in his secluded parish of Boldre. His age precluded Seymour from the discussion of any controversial topics, but he noted that Gilpin's manners were "easy and polite."

The society at Lymington proved attractive to Seymour. Here he met Arthur Phillip, founder of the convict

assembly at Botany Bay and derived much information from him not only on the colony of New South Wales but also on the Brazils "where he passed four years as an engineer in the service of Portugal." Colonel Mitford, the author of the Tory history of Greece, lived at Exbury, within a few miles of Lymington, and Seymour passed a day with him. He notes with some surprise that neither the Colonel's manners nor conversation would lead you to accuse him of being a classical scholar and a historian of reputation. He resembled a plain, good country gentleman. "Not a single trait or expression indicated either brilliancy of genius, or extensive reading or philosophical excursion."

When Sydney Smith arrived at Edinburgh in June 1798 as bear-leader of Michael Beach, grandfather of the present lord St. Aldwyn, not many days passed away before tutor and pupil were introduced to the band of students sitting at the feet of Dugald Stewart, and among them to Webb Seymour. The religious set in unison with the English church worshipped at Charlotte chapel, Rose Street, of which Archibald Alison, the preacher of elegant discourses, was the minister. Sydney Smith was often allowed to occupy the pulpit and his more direct oratory proved an agreeable change from the polished sentences of the incumbent. Six of the visitor's sermons were published in 1800, in a small volume now very scarce, which was dedicated to Seymour in the simple words of honest admiration, twice-blessed, for giver and receiver :

"My Lord,—I dedicate these few Sermons to you, as a slight token of my great regard and respect, because I know no man who, in spite of the disadvantages of high birth, lives to more honourable and commendable purposes than yourself,

I am,
My Lord,
Your most sincere well-wisher,
Sydney Smith.

When they were republished, with eight other sermons by him in two volumes in 1801, the second edition was dedicated to Seymour "with the same sentiments of regard and respect with which I offered you the first." These were Sydney's serious expressions of his views. A few months later he wrote to Jeffrey in the jocular words "remember me to the aged Horner and the more aged Seymour. I love these sages well."

Marc Auguste Pictet, a savant of Geneva, who became first the pupil, and afterwards the companion in travel, of Saussure, visited Edinburgh in July 1801 with the object of seeing Dugald Stewart. Much to Pictet's chagrin he was absent from the city. The visitor then betook himself to the house of Sir James Hall, a scientific enthusiast, and met him in the street, searching for the Swiss stranger. Lord Webb Seymour "jeune homme très instruit" was with Hall and during Pictet's stay at Edinburgh they did everything they could for him. "On n'a jamais poussé plus loin la prévenance, la complaisance, lé dévouement à ses amis, qu'ils ne l'on fait ici pour nous, l'un et l'autre." When Pictet was compelled to take leave of Hall there came to his rescue lord Webb, his fellow guest at Hall's "chateau de Dunglass," who introduced him to the curiosities, and to the leading citizens in literature and science, of the Northern Athens. Pictet made grateful acknowledgment of this kindness in the work descriptive of his travels for three months in the United Kingdom.

The years that followed were mainly passed by Seymour either in social life with the best minds in London or Edinburgh or in country excursions with his sympathetic friends. Hallam wrote to him from the King's Bench Walk in May of 1802 suggesting that part of the autumn might be lounged away at some of the watering-places with which south-west England is stocked. The specific proposal was that they

should make "a tour along the coast, from the Isle of Wight to Mt. Edgcumbe." John Playfair was the chief companion in his geological excursions. When that scientific explorer published in 1802 his "illustrations of the Huttonian theory," the first volume (p. 219 *et seq.*) commemorated their travels in England and the assistance in the prosecution of his studies which he had received from Seymour. Together they had made scientific excursions from Torbay round the coast to Banffshire, at the foot of the high mountain of Ingleborough of Yorkshire, and round the Lakes of Cumberland. Together they examined the mineralogy of the country between Fort-Augustus and Inverness, and their joint observations were communicated to Robert Jameson and inserted by him in the second volume (pp. 181—4) of his *Mineralogy of the Scottish isles.*

The names of Playfair and Seymour are inseparably connected with the Huttonian theory of the earth's formation. Two volumes on the subject were published by Hutton in 1795; a third "nearly ready for the press" remained in MS. This came to Playfair, his friend and biographer, by whom it was given to lord Webb. At his death it came to his brother and was given by him to Leonard Horner, who on 30 November 1856 presented it to the Geological Society for preservation in its library. In 1899 a portion of it was published under the editorial care of Sir Archibald Geikie.

Playfair and Seymour, the inseparables, made a very delightful excursion together during the autumn months of 1807. They spent a fortnight in examining Glen Tilt, about 10 miles above Blair of Atholl, when the duke allowed them to dwell at Forest Lodge for several days. Seymour, moreover returned to it by himself for a short time in 1808. The result of these investigations was "an account of observations made by lord Webb Seymour and professor Playfair upon some geological appearances in

Glen Tilt and the adjacent country. Drawn up by lord Webb Seymour " which was read before the royal society of Edinburgh on 16 May 1814, published in the seventh volume of its transactions, pp. 303—77, and printed separately in 1815.

In this paper Seymour supports his theories by the appearances of the rocks " on the Malvern hills, in the cut made by the road to Ledbury," which has long been known as the Wyche. These studies engrossed his time. For their sake he put on one side the alluring opportunities of pleasure which were offered to him in the houses of his equals in life. Not without a qualm perhaps was the sacrifice made, but made it was. The caustic lady Holland dissects in her journal the characters of Webb and his brother. Webb is dismissed with the words " a great mathematician and man of science." He would not come to meet the Hollands at Saltram, preferring to solve " an abstract problem with Mr. Playfair, which had occupied him for some days."

One break did occur in this life of ardent study. This was in 1803 when the fear of an invasion of our land by the towering military genius of Napoleon seized on the minds, timid and courageous alike, of most Englishmen. Companies of volunteers were raised all over the country and one was composed of the sturdy yeomen near Dartmoor. The command was given to Seymour as the second member in position of one of the leading families of Devon, and he zealously carried out the duties of the position. From August 1803 until early in 1805 he dwelt in a small house of his choice at Torquay, drilling and redrilling the recruits who came under his command, but still stealing a few leisure moments for his philosophical pursuits. Here, too, he strengthened his own physical power in exploring the natural beauties and the geological formation around

the slopes of Torquay. His exertions in science at Edinburgh had overstrained him but he was soon restored to his beloved pursuits with zeal augmented by the necessity for temporarily abandoning them.

Seymour had rooms in the Albany and in 1807 allowed his old friend Horner to occupy them. In the autumn of 1808 he made a new acquaintance in the person of Miss Berry. They met at Bothwell Castle where Seymour joined in the amusements of the hour with unflagging zest. He danced, performed conjuring tricks and played the fool better than any of them. He was pronounced a "charming creature," and Miss Berry revelled in the fun. There was, however, another side to the mirror. "*Only* if he would not so doat upon disquisition! upon mental *dissections*, and above all upon *accounting* for everything which it is only necessary to *feel* and feel he does on all the great subjects of politics, taste, etc., exactly as he ought."

This friendship was renewed in London in the summer of 1809, and when Seymour left town on 10 July, Miss Berry recorded in her diary that "his going is a loss. He is rational and conversable, a lively fresh mind, and in short very unlike other people." He left London for a sojourn at the seaside at Worthing and within a week he sends her a long letter on its surroundings. He had recently spent some time by "the cliffs and the olive groves and the mountains of Nice," but the recollection of the Riviera did not debar him from enjoying the pleasures of the coast of Sussex. He was "feeding on the purest air and on pleasing dreams, inspired by the sea-breeze and the murmur of the surge." The charms of the Mediterranean could not blind him to the beauty "of the seas that we have had within these few days, just ruffled by a gentle breeze and reflecting the brightest azure of our climate."

A strange incident is recorded by Ward, afterwards lord Dudley, in his letters to Ivy. He had gone to Worthing to pay a visit to his parents, and on arriving at the inn in the evening he was shown into a room in which he could dine, although it belonged to another gentleman. While dinner was preparing he examined some books on the chimney-piece which were the property of this unknown stranger. The first that he opened was the *Edinburgh Review*. "The next, a small pocket volume, the *Novum organum*:" He enquired the name of the visitor owning "this light summer reading at a watering-place, and was infinitely amused when I discovered it was my old acquaintance, lord Webb. If such are his recreations, what must his serious studies be!"

A week or two later Seymour was in town. He was off to Scotland (18 Sept. 1809) and he bade farewell to Miss Berry. She responded to his regret at departure. "He parted with us kindly, almost affectionately. How my heart thanks anybody for this sentiment and how much more from one so distinguished by his intelligence and amiable simplicity of manners." Two years after this Webb, in conversation with Playfair suggested that the manners of some age distinguished in the history of our country would make a good subject "for Miss Berry to study and describe." A similar remark made direct to her probably prompted her volumes on the "Social life of England and France" from the return of the Stuarts to England in 1660 to the exile of the Bourbons of France in 1830. He discussed with her for some hours in 1813 "her work upon the manners of France and England."

Seymour cemented his union with Scotland by the purchase in 1810 of a small property, about 60 English acres, called Glenarbach, situate within a few miles of Glasgow, on the Clyde. The house lay embosomed in woods on a

slope between the foot of the ravine of that name and the river, the waters of which almost washed his garden. The details of his generous treatment of a poor graduate, begun during his residence at Glenarbach, and continued throughout his life, and of the ill-return which he received, are set out in "*Archibald Constable and his correspondents*," II., 44—5.

This delightful place he kept for four years, when he sold the estate at a trifling loss to a merchant of Glasgow and leased from sir Thomas Carmichael the small but comfortable house of Hailes in pretty country about four miles to the south-west of Edinburgh. In this agreeable neighbourhood, within a reasonable distance of the city that he loved, he lived for the rest of his life.

The eldest daughter of the first earl of Minto wrote in 1809—10 a letter to her father, then in India, describing the ascendancy of Jeffrey over the society of Edinburgh. Crabbe had just published a new volume, full, says the lady, " of horrors of all kinds which Jeffrey chooses to admire," and he was " very proud of himself because he has bullied us all " into concealing the natural dislike of such productions. The first name which comes to her pen as hushed into quiet was that of lord Webb, " the gentle and the wise." Henry Cockburn dwells on the good nature with which he resisted the attacks of Jeffrey. He even endured some onslaughts on his " most cherished doctrines," and some reckless laughter " at his grand philosophical designs." But no one, not even the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, could escape from the spell of Seymour's character. " The very people in the streets reverenced the thoughtful air and countenance of the English nobleman who honoured the place by making it his home."

Macaulay in describing the triumphant progress of William of Orange to Westminster in December 1688,

mentions that he retired for a day or two from the little town of Hungerford to "Littlecote Hall, a manor house situated about two miles off, and renowned down to our own times, not more on account of its venerable architecture and furniture than on account of a horrible and mysterious crime which was perpetrated there in the days of the Tudors," and for this tragedy refers the reader to "a very interesting note on the fifth canto of sir Walter Scott's Rokeby."

The crime was that attributed to "Wild" Darell, and the legend ran that he threw a newly-born child into the fire and when detected of the murder escaped, with the assistance of sir John Popham, the judge, to whom the estate of Littlecote afterwards passed, the terrors of the law, but only to break his neck out hunting a few months afterwards. The note was introduced by Scott in the original edition of Rokeby as "by a friend, whose account I will not do the injustice to abridge as it contains an admirable picture of an old English hall." Scott informed Mrs. Hughes of Uffington, that the author of the note was lord Webb Seymour, and in later editions his name was given to it. It was reproduced in the *Beauties of England and Wales* by Britton and Brayley, summarised in Murray's *Handbook to Wiltshire*, and repeated in speech and in print for many a year. The legend was, however, analysed in 1888 in Mr. Hubert Hall's *Society in the Elizabethan age*, and through his investigations stripped of its romance, Wild Darell being freed from the charge of murder.

This was the only piece of composition by Seymour that passed under the eye of the average reader, the literary counterpart of the man in the street. But he wrote, in addition to his account of Glen Tilt, a second paper in the transactions of a scientific body. As a member

of the Geological Society he presented it on 5 November 1813 with an instrument for determining the position of the plane of stratification, which is known as a clinometer. His description of it was read before the learned members of that body on 20 May 1814, and duly printed in the third volume of its transactions, pp. 385—91. He left behind him a "considerable quantity of notes" on that enormous subject, the Philosophy of the Human Mind, but they were found too disconnected for publication.

Seymour's zeal for the interests of his friends never flagged. When Thomas Brown was a candidate about 1800 for the chair of Rhetoric at the university of Edinburgh, no brother could have done more to advance his interests "in personal applications, in letters, in fatigue, in anxiety." Thomas Campbell in Feb. 1805 enumerated to his sister his friends in high life, and gave a place among them to lord Webb Seymour, "who once interested himself to get me a small employment and failed." He furnished Uvedale Price, the well-known writer on the picturesque, with general advice and with criticisms in detail which the recipient thoroughly appreciated. The post of professor of anatomy to the Royal academy became vacant in November 1808, and Charles Bell was a candidate for it. Seymour interested himself on his behalf and appealed to Miss Berry for further support.

When William Allen, the quaker philanthropist, was in Edinburgh in September 1814 with some friends of like views, endeavouring to raise the sum of £10,000 by subscriptions of £100 a-piece to free the British and Foreign school society from the debt which weighed upon it, they were taken by Seymour to see the sights of the city and he put his name down for one of the required subscriptions. In the summer of 1817 Washington Irving met him at the house of Jeffrey. He entered into the visitor's plan, wrote

down a route for him in the Highlands, and afterwards called upon him in his rooms to supply any further particulars that might be necessary. Irving was delighted with his new acquaintance and promised to renew their intercourse on his return journey, "which promise I shall keep as I like him much."

Many of his friends in the Scotch capital had at one time anticipated a long life for Webb Seymour. They knew the strength of his constitution in early manhood and did not foresee the long decline which slowly undermined his frame. About 1810 his digestive organs began to fail and in Oct. 1813 it was noticed that although he looked well he "neither eats nor drinks." He gradually crumbled away, and languor stole over his mind and body. His last visit to England was in the winter of 1816 which he spent at 6 Cleveland Row, in London. It was then that Canova mentioned to him Waterloo Bridge as "one of the two finest things he had seen in England."

By the spring of 1819 there was no vigour left in him. Each day he was carried out into the garden in a sedan chair so that he might enjoy a few hours of fresh air, but that was all that could be done for him. His friends shrank from alarming him and he did not realize his own danger. About the middle of April 1819 his brother hastened to his side but the sands of the invalid's life had all but ceased to run. He died on 19 April 1819, and five days later was buried in the chapel of Holy Rood House. The duke was chief mourner. The pall-bearers, the dead man's oldest friends, were Playfair, though the day was bad and he himself was at the point of death, sir James Hall, James Mackenzie, Jeffrey, Cranstoun, Leonard Horner, Captain Hall and another, with twenty more in mourning coaches and Alison as the officiating clergyman. Letters of administration to

his estate, which was sworn under £50,000, were granted to his brother on 27 June 1820.

A great mortality fastened on these Edinburgh friends about this time. Francis Horner, the sedate and grave politician, and Henry Erskine, the witty and eloquent lawyer, both died in 1817; Dr. John Gordon, its leading physician was struck down "in the prime of manhood and the full vigour of talents and ability" (*Gent. Mag.*, 1818, *pt. II.*, 89) in the following year, and Webb Seymour with his bosom friend, Playfair in 1819. These deaths "clouded" the city. The true monuments of such men "were in the hearts of their surviving friends, who to this hour [1856] solve any doubt about science or life, by recollecting what those men would have thought of it" (Henry Cockburn, *Memorials, p.* 359). "Poor Seymour!" writes Sydney Smith "every day thins the ranks of our old friends. Those who remain must take closer order."

Seymour's life was one long intellectual training for enterprises never accomplished. His days passed away in the contemplation of "schemes noble to be formed but too immense to be seriously attempted," and all dignified by the purity of his character and the benevolence of his disposition. The slowness and vastness of his preparations afforded much quiet amusement to his friends and he himself was conscious of them. I, he cried, "I, in retirement am endeavouring to work out the distant good of mankind. Leave me exempt from the casualties of human life and I am almost secure of my object." No, no, was the answer of Henry Cockburn. Such an exemption would not have brought the cautious Seymour to any definite result. "Immortality itself would only have lengthened his preparation."

For the world at large the names of Horner and Webb Seymour soon passed into oblivion. Year after year passed

away without the publication of any record of their lives. The duke of Somerset asked Thomas Brown to prepare an account of his brother's life, but that metaphysician's health and the variety of works which he had in contemplation did not permit him to undertake the duty. At last a chronicler arose for each of them. Leonard Horner, a man of considerable distinction in more than one section of life published in 1843 a memoir of his brother. It contained a selection of the letters which had passed between Francis Horner and his zealous friend, Seymour, and many of them from their breadth of view and honesty of advice raised the latter's character even in the minds of the surviving friends who had grown up with him at Edinburgh.

Hallam had enjoyed Seymour's friendship through life and possessed twenty or thirty of his letters "very illustrative of his character." At Leonard Horner's request he drew up a "beautiful, affectionate and just" memoir of his friend and at his own suggestion it was inserted in an appendix to the first volume of Francis Horner's life. By this notice the name of lord Webb Seymour was, to use the sympathetic language of the Quarterly Review for May 1843, "first made known to the general reader," and restored to the memory of his friends. After an interval of twenty-four years Dugald Stewart's daughter seemed to hear his voice again. She, who like many others had come under his "moral tuition," revelled in contemplating the delightful picture of him "and his docile but very superior pupil." Horner and Seymour differed slightly in political sentiment towards the end of their days. But they had one conspicuous characteristic. Each of them died without an enemy.

A portrait of Seymour was made by John Henning in 1807, and a drawing of it was placed by Horner on the wall of his chambers in the Temple, where it gave him "a

shadow of company at breakfast," and by recalling many of the most valuable hours of his life rendered him calmer for the contemplation of the troubles of everyday life. A reproduction of it by Samuel Williams faces the appendix in the life of Horner. Seymour's bust by sir Francis Chantrey is in the possession of lady Guendolen Ramsden at Bulstrode. Illustrations of it will be found in her volume on Seymour and his brother, 1906, and in Mr. H. St. Maur's annals of the Seymours, 1902.

LYDIA WHITE.

THE literary salons of the London ladies attained their highest fame in the reign of the third George. A marked advance in the position of women was visible during the closing years of the eighteenth century. This was in the main due to the fact that parents had begun to think them capable of discharging other duties in life than those which were limited by household management, and that considerable improvements had consequently been made in their education. New ideas on their rights and their characters were in the air and Mary Wollstonecraft gave expression to them. Woman had shown that she could vie with man in the realms of fiction. She was beginning to excel in poetry and to gain applause in the description of travel or in the regions of critical essay.

The first and the best-known of these salons was that of Mrs. Montagu. A lady of great wealth and literary enthusiasm, her education had been guided by the knowledge and counsels of one of the chief classical scholars of England. She entertained the philosophers and fashionables of London for fifty years. Her home was at first in Hill Street, Mayfair, but afterwards she dwelt at Montagu House, the stately mansion at the north-west corner of Portman Square. Dr. Johnson was always a figure of suspicion at her gatherings and towards the close of his days the link which bound together her guests was undying hatred of the sage.

The parties of this great dame were rivalled by those of Mrs. Vesey, the wife of Johnson's Irish friend. She

was at home on Tuesdays and her entertainments were marked by an absence of formality. In the words of the poetess when she waved her wand, "away dull ceremony flew." Her sister-in-law who lived with her was known for her solid qualities by the nickname of "body." On the sprightly Mrs. Vesey was bestowed the distinguishing soubriquet of "mind." In the earlier period of her life in London she dwelt in Bolton Row. Then she moved to Clarges Street. She was celebrated in feminine song, for Hannah More addressed to her, as "Vesey! of verse the judge and friend," the poem of "Bas bleu, or conversation."

A third but less conspicuous hostess, was Mrs. Boscawen, of South Audley Street. By birth she was a Glanville, from Ightham, in Kent, but a family connected with Cornwall, and she was the widow of the sturdy old Cornish admiral, whom she survived for 44 years. Her great friend was Mrs. Delany, born a daughter of the Cornish house of Granville, and in the pages of that lady's diaries and letters frequent mention will be found of Mrs. Boscawen. She received in 1762 the compliments of Young, of the *Night thoughts*, and twenty years later was flattered by Hannah More.

These three ladies passed away in the fulness of time, the last of them, Mrs. Boscawen, dying in 1805, and their social duties passed to others. Miss Monckton, the "you dearest are a dunce" of Dr. Johnson has precedence in time. She presided, as a spinster, at her mother's house in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, and when lady Cork lived in New Burlington Street. Her life was protracted from 1746 to 1840, its dominant note from youth to extreme old age being that of lion-hunting. Her politics were Whig, but at her reunions she knew no distinction of party. She went out much in social life until past 80 years old,

and towards the end of her life developed a desire at the dinner table of her friends for their property. The servants were accustomed in the morning to restore to the legitimate owner the spoons which she had transferred to her pockets from the dining room of the previous night. Macaulay must have had lady Cork in his mind when he penned the line "You diners-out from whom we guard our spoons."

The Berry sisters lived as became their means in a tiny house in 8 Curzon Street. A lamp burning over the door told when they were at home, and many an eminent person strolled there after dinner in the hope of obtaining admission to their rooms. Horace Walpole was their friend and introduced them into social life. Lady Davy, with ampler wealth, was the occupant, first as the wife and then as the widow of sir Humphry Davy, of a house in Park Street. Moreover, she was a "Scotch cousin" of Scott, and she knew how to turn such advantages to a good use. Talented, but sometimes whimsical, and occasionally tyrannical, she was always entertaining, and when abroad her "courier" English afforded infinite amusement.

All these ladies have had their bards and their chroniclers. All with one exception—that of Mrs. Boscawen, are described for the ignorant in the volumes of our great national dictionary. But there lived another lady equally conspicuous in the gay world of London life, who passed away with only a fleeting record nearly 83 years ago and has found no abiding monument since. This was Lydia White, and it is to me an especial pleasure to preserve for the gratification of the curious reader the details of her career. Strange to say her life, though unrecorded in the compilations of the biography-hunter, has always interested the expert in literature. Sir William Robertson Nicoll, in an article under his pseudonym of *Claudius Clear* in the "British Weekly" for 29 Jan. 1903,

and entitled " In an old library at Nice," recalled to mind the characteristics of her life and the names of the illustrious personages whom she gathered around her. To him she shone out in her social life as the load-star for distinction in the English world. " If in a happier day I am ever " he cried " appointed examiner for English literature honours at a University, I should be content with one question. What really tests knowledge is information about the inconsiderable yet conspicuous people. Thus, if I were examining on the literary history of the early years of the last century, I should put but one question : ' What do you know of Lydia White ? ' Whoever could answer satisfactorily would have a full knowledge of the literary history of the period." This paragraph attracted the attention of C. K. S. [Mr. Shorter], and in his weekly letter (14 Feb. 1903) to the "Sphere" on English literature, he recapitulated some of the special passages in our chief volumes of biography relating to Lydia White, and told the world that he felt an affection for her not less ardent than that of Dr. Nicoll. In the issue of the following week Mr. Shorter confided to his readers that Claudius Clear had a great many additional references on the object of their admiration. " I hope he will publish them ; the subject is a fascinating one, at least to me." Since then the world has waited in vain for the fulfilment of this hope, and now it has fallen to my lot to discharge the sacred duty.

Lydia Rogers White—for such was her full name—has sometimes been called an Irishwoman, but she came from an ancient and wealthy family of Wales. Her uncle, the head of the house, was William Basset, of Miscin, in Glamorganshire, and her second name was derived from his first wife, Anne, daughter of the Rev. John Rogers, D.D., vicar of St. Giles, Cripplegate, and chaplain-in-ordinary

to George II. On the death of this uncle in 1769 without legitimate issue, the property came to his sister, Cecil Basset, who had married Stephen White, a merchant in the city of Bristol. Lydia Rogers White was their third daughter and co-heiress. Her eldest sister Anne, became the wife on 28 August 1778 of Francis Saunderson, of Castle Saunderson in the county of Cavan, High Sheriff in 1781 and M.P. for that county, and brought him the Basset estates. The second sister Mary, who was alive in 1838, was married to J. Bennet Popkin, of Kittle Hill, in Gower.

The earliest mention in print of Lydia White, which is known to me, is to be found in the letters of Samuel Rogers. Writing to his sister from Brighton on 9 November 1798, he describes the gay world which revolved around him in England's chief sea-side resort. Conspicuous in the crowd of attractive visitors was the person of Lydia White, "a most charming and elegant woman" who seemed, in the eyes of Rogers to be about 35 years old. She had "long excited the admiration of the Pump room [at Bath] by her wit and talents," but in the midst of such gaieties a change came over her father's bodily condition. She withdrew from her admirers at the morning waters and the evening soirées to nurse her dying parent, and "shut herself up in her father's sick-room for two long years." By 1798 he was dead and Lydia White was at that time living at the house of sir Joshua Reynolds on the terrace at Richmond "on an independency of £1200 per annum." Trust a banker, even when a poet, for knowing the income of his friends! No wonder that he gives his sister the command, "You must know her."

Lydia's connection with the Saundersons often carried her across the seas to Ireland and led to the current belief that she was Irish by birth. One of the favourite meeting-places of the "distinguished and the intellectual"—these

are the words of an Irish person and in dealing with Ireland it is always safest to adopt their own expressions—in the society of Dublin, was the house of Mrs. Tighe, in Dominick Street. The physical condition of the hostess resembled that of Lydia White in her last years. She was so enfeebled by repeated attacks from some malady or other "that she lost the use of her limbs and was obliged always to lie on a sofa." Still she retained her old charms of mind and still she gathered around her a circle of devoted friends. There came to her couch lord Charlemont, Sydney Owenson, afterwards lady Morgan "with her carefully arranged scarf," Tom Moore and Lydia White, who happily did not realise that twenty years to come her friend's fate would be her own (*Illustrious Irishwomen*, by E. O. Blackburne, II., 60).

In the August of 1811 Miss Berry gratified her love of the country by a visit to Tunbridge Wells. This autumn Mrs. Tighe had a house there and Miss Berry formed one of her guests at dinner. Ward, afterwards lord Dudley, Luttrell, the brightest of wits and Lydia White were the other guests, and with such a quintet the hours must have sped pleasantly away. They made excursions into the lovely country around the Pantiles. One of them was to Mayfield, when Lydia was conspicuous on horseback.

Lydia White appears in more adventurous travel in the spring of 1808. A glowing letter of eulogy from her to Archibald Constable on Walter Scott's poem of *Marmion* is given in *Constable and his literary correspondents*, II., 17—19. It was possibly through Constable that she made the acquaintance of Scott. At all events on the 26th of April in that year Scott abruptly ends a letter to lady Abercorn with the remark that there appeared in sight "the carriage of a crazy Welsh woman of our acquaintance, who is come (Lord help hur!) to see our romantic scenery when it is ankle deep

in snow." This was Lydia White, whom Scott called "nineteen times dyed blue, lively and clever, and absurd to the uttermost degree but exceedingly good natured." With a passing touch of cruelty he confesses to the feeling that he "must let her run some risque in fording the Tweed," in order to realise her joy "at finding herself on dry land." But his better feelings soon reassert themselves and he checks the thought with the reflection that "the joke must not be carried too far." The comment of the editor of Scott's *familiar letters* on this passage is true. "Scott had a real regard for this lady of whom he writes thus playfully."

Scott enjoyed the visit of this whimsical woman and did not fail to divert more of his feminine friends in high life with the incidents of her stay. Lady Louisa Stuart was the next to receive his confidences. Lydia "a lioness of the first order" was now blest "with stockings nineteen times nine dyed blue." A more extended acquaintance with her had confirmed him in the belief that she was "very lively, very good-humoured and extremely absurd," and he had delighted in watching "the sober Scotch ladies staring at this phenomenon."

In a longer letter to the same correspondent Scott reverts to the sojourn in his house of this fascinating spinster. Lady Louisa had apparently indulged in some badinage at his surrender to her attractions, for Scott appeals for mercy on the point. "Pray don't triumph over me too much. . . . I stood a very respectable siege ; but she caressed my wife, coaxed my children and made, by dint of cake and pudding, some impression even upon the affections of my favourite dog :—so when all the outworks were carried, the main fortress had no choice but to surrender on honourable terms."

The visit was protracted for some weeks, and Scott with

his wife accompanied the lioness on her tour as far as Loch Catrine. By 16 June they had only just returned. The weather was "most heavenly," and Lydia enjoyed to the full her opportunities for sketching. Photographs and picture post-cards were still in the dim and distant future and all the ladies of taste were inspired with the desire of perpetuating by their artistic skill the wonders of nature that came under their view. This one sketched everything that her eyes rested upon, "from a castle to a pigeon-house."[1] Scott puts the question to lady Louisa Stuart, "did your ladyship ever travel with a *drawing* companion? Mine drew like cart-horses, as well in laborious zeal as in effect."[2] He could not help hinting to their author "that the cataracts delineated bore a singular resemblance to hay-cocks and the rocks much correspondence to large old-fashioned cabinets with their folding-doors open."[3] These drawings of the sprightly Welshwoman made an effect upon him which time itself could not obliterate. More than two years later he wrote to Morritt of Rokeby in praise of lady Anne Lindsay's skill in painting. His praise of one lady was the condemnation of another. "She does not indeed place mountains on their apex, like that of Zarenta in Bruce's travels or those of Selkirkshire in Miss Lydia White's drawings, but what her representations lose in the wonderful, they gain in nature and beauty."[4]

Scott, in parting from this wandering lady had given her three plans for a tour in the Highlands. He doubted whether she would adopt any of them. He thought of the posse of "postilions, landlords and Highland boat-men" who would fasten upon her and suspected that her English servant would be no match for them. "The distresses of the errant damsels will fall a little beneath the dignity of romances."[5] But again his kindly nature asserted itself, and this time there was a touch of gratitude in his

reflections. "All this nonsense is *entre nous;* for Miss White has been actively zealous in getting me some Irish correspondence about Swift and is otherwise very obliging." Scott's anxiety was unnecessary. Any sufferings that she passed through were forgotten in her joy over Scotia's magnificent scenery. She wrote to Constable from Inverary, that she was much delighted with "the glorious place—indeed with all that we see, hear, feel or understand in Scotland." Her only lasting distress was over the notice of *Marmion* in the *Edinburgh Review*. It must have been about this time and through the influence of Scott that she purchased the volume of John Leyden's "*Scenes of infancy*," which is now in the Dyce library at South Kensington. It contains her autograph, and Dyce drew attention to it as that of "a lady of great talents, who corresponded with sir Walter Scott, madame de Stael, etc."

The zeal of Lydia White on behalf of Scott's edition of Swift's works is referred to in a letter from Scott which is printed in the *Athenæum* for 29th Feby. 1908. It nearly landed him into trouble. Some Hibernian wit had concocted a set of "very clever verses" which through her had been sent to Scott as an original poem by Swift. In cool reflection the thought came to him that "Lydia White lies rather open to be practised upon," and he made diligent enquiries about them. She replied that all her efforts had not resulted in any "feasible account of the authenticity of the verses" and this made Scott still more suspicious. Lady Melville, when in Ireland "had heard of the quiz," and lady Abercorn bestirred herself in its investigation. Finally the author of the imitation put Scott on his guard and he was saved from the indignity of attributing to Swift the composition of a later wit. Robert Surtees had imposed upon him by fabricating a Scotch ballad called "the death of Featherstonehaugh," which was duly

inserted in *Marmion* and *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish border* as a genuine survival from antiquity. Fortunately for Scott the author of this Irish jest was foiled in his attempt to deceive. Scott contented himself with putting "the lines into the *Register*, by way of contributing to a work, which I think very well of."

Private theatricals ranked among Society's chief amusements at this age. Lydia White was staying at Brighton in January 1814 as the guest of lady Westmorland and another titled lady, viscountess Hampden wrote to Kirkpatrick Sharpe [Letters, II., p. 111] on the "gay pastimes" around her. In this fashionable circle that amusement formed the chief attraction; Lydia White figured as "the fair heroine of the English pieces and lady Westmorland of the French." The *Wedding Day* of Mrs. Inchbald, a "lively and natural" comedy was performed at the house of Miss Wykeham, who was created baroness Wenman in 1834. She was lady Autumn; Lydia was lady Contest, the chief character in the play and the part, which on the play's original production, was admirably taken by Mrs. Jordan. Lydia must have displayed great talent for the stage. Tom Moore records in his diary (III., 197) that a "party at lady Cork's got up a reading of *Comus*." The first names mentioned among the performers are those of Monk Lewis and Lydia White.

During the Regency the parties of Lydia White obtained an ascendancy which they never lost over London society. Sir Roderick Murchison, the prince of geologists, dwells with pride on the soirées that in his youth he frequented at her house. He met there such men as Copley, lord Dudley, Tom Moore, and Hallam, the historian. Sydney Smith often came from his house in the adjoining Green Street, Park lane. Washington Irving, another conspicuous guest, was described as "the Magnus Apollo of

the bas bleus" (*lady Morgan's Memoirs, II.*, 214, *etc.*). Sir Henry Holland, the courtly physician, described her house as "the open and welcome resort of the best literary society of the day." Many centres of society had found fame in print, "though less deserving of it than the pleasant open-hearted meetings at Lydia White's."

Abraham Hayward speculated in one of his essays (*II., 2nd ser., p.* 261) on the means by which she had obtained this supremacy. The Berry sisters were aided in their desires to form a salon by the favours of Horace Walpole. Lady Davy enjoyed the wealth of one husband and the unrivalled reputation in science of another. Lydia White was not endowed with great means nor was she connected with any of the leading families in England. "It is not every one" he argued "however ready to give dinners to the élite of the literary or fashionable world that can get the élite to dine with them." How then did she attain success? To my mind the answer to this question is not difficult. She had calmly surveyed the various paths in which she could rise to distinction in life, and had selected as her pursuit the art of entertaining. Her means were not great but they were sufficient with judgment for that purpose. She trod her path to fame, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left, and arrived at the goal. She could influence by her manners and she could please by her conversation. When new in the pursuit she must have met with many a rebuff. But her heart was in her work and she obtained the prize. Sir Walter Scott used the expression of her, "she has set up the whole staff of her rest." It is an old phrase in our literature, meaning that she had made it her aim in life. Well might Lockhart describe her as "the inimitable woman who so long ruled without a rival in the soft realm of *blue* Mayfair."

The first mention of Lydia White's parties occurs in

the diary of another great entertainer of London society, the accomplished Miss Berry. In May 1815 lord and lady Byron prevailed upon her to go to Miss White's. The effect was instantaneous. " Never have I seen a more imposing convocation of ladies arranged in a circle than when we entered." William Spencer accompanied them and he was a familiar figure at her crushes. When the *Rejected addresses* of the brothers Smith took London by storm the indefatigable Lydia, ever prone to claim the presence in her rooms of the lion of the moment, invited one of them to dinner. Afterwards she recollected that William Spencer was one of the company invited for that night and that his poems had been parodied in that popular volume. She wrote him to put him off, adding that a man was to be at her table whom he would not like to meet. Who is my unknown enemy that I would not willingly meet, was his question. " One of those men who have made that shameful attack upon you," was the lady's answer. Let me meet him, " he is the very man upon earth that I should like to know," was Spencer's rejoinder. They met at her dinner-table, liked one another, and remained firm friends ever after (*Rejected Addresses, 18th ed., preface*). I wonder whether one of the Smiths was present at her dinner-table on the night when Scott avowed his impression that he *must* have written the lines in the *Rejected addresses*, which described the death of Higginbottom, the fireman (*J. Hookham Frere and his friends, by Gabrielle Festing, p.* 186).

Much of the following years, the Continent being now open to the English visitor, seems to have been passed by Lydia White in the sunnier cities of Italy. Horner writes in 1816 that she was " in full force at Florence." Ticknor found her at Naples in Feb. 1818. Their place of meeting was in the rooms of " Benjamin Smith, son of the member for Norwich," who championed in parliament the

cause of Dissent. At Smith's hospitable table Ticknor "always had a plate and generally met somebody that interested or instructed." The two or three days a week that he dined there were always very pleasantly passed and Lydia White would not be the least amusing of the company. In the following May she was at Venice, when Byron wrote to Tom Moore that she had borrowed his copy of *Lalla Rookh*. Moore himself when in Italy in 1819 reverted in thought to her entertainments in London and contrasted them, not unfavourably, with the fashionable gatherings that nightly thronged the reception rooms in the Italian palaces. His comment on the assemblies of the countess Albrizzi was "More disenchantment! These assemblies, which at a distance sounded so full of splendour and gallantry to me turned into something much worse than one of Lydia White's conversaziones."

Moore was a constant attendant at her reunions at 113 Park Street. They were old friends and he revelled in the society which he met at her house. Once indeed he upset Samuel Rogers by breaking up a dinner-party through his impatience to go there and Rogers no doubt repaid him afterwards with a biting sarcasm. Sheridan, Scott and Moore were the guests in the banker-poet's house in St. James's Place. Sheridan, primed no doubt by some of his host's most precious claret, was talking in his very best style, and would have continued without let or hindrance when Moore burst in, to the intense annoyance of Rogers, with the question "isn't it time to go to Lydia White's?" Their host afterwards explained to the chronicler of his table talk that Moore was cursed with "that sort of restlessness which never allows him to be happy where he is." This may have been the occasion in May 1819 on which Moore met at her house the duchess of Sussex and her beautiful daughter. The attraction of

the evening was a little girl who acted in a French proverb. " She was found amidst the conflagration of Moscow quite an infant and not known whether French or Russian : now seven years old and acted very archly."

Not long after this poor Lydia fell into bad health. Still she fought the battle of life with undaunted courage and for eight years more continued to gratify to the full her longings for social success. Lady Charlotte Bury, the duke's daughter who sullied her character by a malicious "*diary of the times of George IV.*," is represented as making her acquaintance in July 1819 and as paying a first visit to her house on the 6th of that month. But these dates can hardly be accepted as accurate. Whatever the right dates were, Lydia White became a "melancholy spectacle" in bodily circumstance. " Immovable from dropsy, with a swollen person and an emaciated face, she is placed on an inclined plane, raised high upon a sofa, which put me in mind of the corpse of the late Queen of Spain at Rome, in the church of the Santa Maria Novella," this is the expression of lady Charlotte.

One of the most accomplished men of that age, the rev. William Harness, is chiefly known to us now from his friendship with such women as Catherine Fanshawe and Lydia White. They all, such was his phrase, belonged to a society "not very extended but intimately united by a common love of literature and art and science . . . which perhaps taken for all in all has never been surpassed." The biographer of his literary life depicts Lydia White as " brave in paint and plaster, a wonderful work of art," labour which she underwent not from vanity but from feelings for others. " Were I," she observed, presumably to Harness "to present myself, as I naturally am, without any of these artificial adornments, instead of being a source of pleasure and perhaps amusement

to my friends I should plunge them into the profoundest melancholy." Let us in all charity accept this explanation and retain our admiration for a brave woman who for long years fought bravely against death.

On her first visit to Park Street, lady Charlotte Bury met at the evening assembly sir John Copley, afterwards the famous lord Lyndhurst "and his beautiful wife, so like one of Leonardo Da Vinci's pictures." A day or two later she dined at Lydia White's. Catherine Fanshawe, "Conversation" Sharp, Tom Moore and major Denham, the explorer, were among the guests. Moore and Sharpe discoursed on the lives and characters of Sheridan and Curran and the interest of their anecdotes was heightened by the acumen of their comments. Denham described the scenes which he had beheld in his travels through the interior of Africa. The vividness of his descriptions of the scenery and the savage life enthralled her. It was indeed "a delightful dinner party."

A few months later she was once more dining under Lydia's hospitable roof, but the party was less agreeable "and the evening was dull." Learned and witty people were seated around the table but the spirit of dulness settled upon them and soon made its presence felt. The wits were perhaps afraid of one another ; perchance "the first lion thought the next a bore." At all events, though the ingredients of a "charming party" were present, they did not rise to brilliancy. Once again lady Charlotte dined there at a small party, the other guests being "Sharp, sir John Copley and his beautiful wife." That lady sat mute and the diarist maliciously adds that she never conversed "except to gentlemen." The charm of the entertainments in Park Street had now evaporated for this jaded daughter of a duke. She notes in her querulousness that "Miss White sat with the ladies in the dining-room till

everybody was nearly asleep. I never saw any one follow this system of remaining so long at table except the Princess of Wales." Then she proceeds to denounce the parties of her hostess. "Miss White's house, which is reckoned so famous for its agreeable reunions, does not frequently afford me the amusement it is supposed to give all those who have the good fortune to obtain an *entrée* therein. At the dinner-table sometimes the wits and mighty spirits collected round it display their conversational talents, but the evenings are often very dull."

Walter Scott came up to London in 1821 to see the coronation and dined at lord Guilfords. He confided to his old friend lady Louisa Stuart that he was "greatly edified" with the conversation of the ladies who were seated around the dinner table. No wonder! For three of them were lady Caroline Lamb who kicked over the traces both in action and in words, Lydia White to the "whimsical licence" of whose speech sir Henry Holland attributed the "thorough freedom from constraint" which prevailed at her entertainments, and Mrs. Coniers, "who never came in sir Walter's way before and who is worth paying half a crown to see at any time." (*letters of lady L. Stuart to Miss Clinton, I.*, 151.)

There was no limit to the distinguished women, grave and gay, that met in the rooms of Lydia White. Mrs. Somerville, the chief of astronomers among women, created much amusement at one of her receptions by an unconscious jest. The party consisted of fashionable dames, popular poets and leading politicians, among the latter being lord Dudley. On coming away he said to Mrs. Somerville "*you are going home to sleep and I to work.*" She had never heard of the epigram of Rogers. To her the lines

> "Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it,
> He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it,"

were unfamiliar and she promptly replied "*Oh! you are going to prepare your speech for to-morrow.*" Universal laughter prevailed.

At one of these parties, Mrs. Marcet, the feminine expert in political economy, playfully seized on William Spencer and preached Christianity—to use lady Morgan's phrase—to him. He was to hasten to Geneva, where he would be converted through the influence of its pretty women, evidently a kind of argument that Spencer would appreciate.

Miss Edgeworth dined with Lydia White on a visit to London in 1822 and became through this introduction very intimate with Mrs. Siddons, who was a fellow-guest. The great actress recounted to them the circumstances attending the great innovation which she introduced in her rendering of the character of lady Macbeth. She had resolved upon disobeying the precedents of Mrs. Pritchard in her version and upon running counter to all the traditions of the stage. She determined, in the sleep scene to lay down the candlestick "before she began to wash her hands and say 'Out, vile spot!'" Sheridan heard of it and feared the consequences. He knocked violently at her door during the five minutes of seclusion which she had asked for, so that she might compose her nerves before being called on the stage, burst into the room and prophesied ruin. She persisted, was applauded and Sheridan apologised. Mrs. Siddons "described well the awe she felt and the power of the excitement given to her, by the sight of Burke, Fox, Sheridan and sir Joshua Reynolds in the pit."

Lydia White had her poets to celebrate her and they were not the least distinguished of the bards of the nineteenth century, although their effusions in her honour cannot be placed among the brightest productions of the muse

of poetry. One of them was no other than lord Byron, whose satirical poem, entitled "The blues, a literary eclogue" appeared in the second volume of that short-lived periodical *The Liberal*. Lydia White figured as Miss Diddle, not a very happy attribution of name. One of the Blues reminds his fellows that "Miss Diddle invites us to sup." Inkel, one of the critical frequenters of her parties, thereupon exclaims

> "Then at two hours past midnight, we all meet again
> For the sciences, sandwiches, hock and champaigne."

and another of them, Tracy, adds the further attraction

> "And the sweet lobster sallad."

The second of these bards was Bulwer Lytton. During his first visit to Paris, (it was in the year 1825,) he printed for private circulation and dedicated to his youthful friend, Alexander Cockburn, a tiny volume with the romantic title of "*Weeds and wildflowers*, four pages of prose and ninety-eight of verse," which is not to be found on the shelves of the library at the British Museum. The longest and most important of its effusions was a satiric sketch of the delights of Almack's. It began with the lines

> "To lady S . . . for cakes and cards
> Flock ancient lords on Wednesday nights;
> While darkest blues and lightest bards
> 'Refresh their souls' at Lydia White's.
> But those who have the happier fate
> To know the saints who guard its heaven
> Pass on through Almack's holy gate
> About three quarters past eleven" (*Lytton's life*, II., 27).

Tom Moore continued for years to visit and dine at her house. Twice in the month of March 1824 did he attend at her evening parties. On the first of them he heard

three aristocratic amateurs singing duets and glees, in the absence of a pianoforte, without accompaniment, and he took a part in one or two glees. On the second occasion he found a distinguished party, including Rogers, Tierney, Wordsworth and Jekyll, who had dined there. In the following July he met there at dinner Stratford Canning, Hallam, captain Basil Hall, and lady Charlotte Lindsay, and there was a great deal of talk at the dinner table about Burke. Next year at one of her parties he naively enters in his diary, "I sung a good deal, which they seemed to like very much." In Sept. 1826 he called on her and she imparted some amusing gossip to him. Murray, the publisher, had been going backward of late. Lord Holland would have a canto in Stewart W. Rose's next volume of *Ariosto*, and this was imprudent of Rose for the peer's talent in translation was much superior to his. Frere was always very sleepy. "It did very well to say, Mr. Frere dined with me yesterday," but that was all you had for it. On 25 Oct. 1826 Moore dined at her house and apparently for the last time. Luttrell was the life and soul of the party which included Hallam, "Conversation" Sharp, and the two army-travellers, Captains Head and Denham. In the evening he met there "sir Walter, his daughter, and the Lockharts (who were all to have dined with Miss White)." Sir Walter, as we know from his journal, had dined at the house of a rival spinster, Miss Dumergue.

Year after year the stricken woman lingered on. Death was near at hand but never threw his dart at her. Her vitality was only exceeded by the force of her determination. Those gifts extorted admiration from some; they afforded amusement to others. Cyrus Redding in one of his volumes of recollections (*Fifty years, II.*, 338) records that she "kept her friends so long in expectation that they began to think death would be a hoax until they had

themselves departed." Samuel Rogers made her continued existence the subject of one of the jests. "How wonderfully," he exclaimed "she does hold out; they may say what they like, but Miss White and Miss-olonghi are the most remarkable things going."

Sir Charles Morgan wrote to his wife, Sydney, on 29 May 1826 that he had been at Lydia White's on the previous evening. She was "lying on the same sofa, in the same drawing room, with the same blue furniture and blue hangings as usual. She was precisely what you know her." The end soon came: sir Walter Scott heard of her death on the 28 January 1827. She had given a dinner party on the previous Friday and had written with her own hand the invitations for another, if not for two more such gatherings. Lord Albemarle, who fought at Waterloo in 1815 and lived until 1891, had obtained admission to her literary coteries through the success of his book, *The overland journey from India*, and was to have dined at her house the day on which she died. She had asked, says lady Morgan, "a party to dine with her on Friday—on Wednesday she was dead! From economy of eyes and lights she used to sit when alone to a late hour without lights. Her servant having placed candles on the table in the front drawing-room waited for his mistress to ring to light them. He thought he heard something fall, but as the bell did not ring he did not go up, till surprised at her remaining so long in the dark he entered and found her lying on the floor. . . . When some of her party arrived to dine on the Friday she was lying dead. Poor Lydia! before she was buried she was forgotten." For a woman so well-known in the world, says lady Morgan's biographer thirty-five years later "she has passed singularly out of remembrance."

To each of her sisters, Mrs. Popkin and Mrs. Saunderson

she left £500 and the five children of the latter received £1400 between them. She bequeathed £4000 to her niece, Lydia Waller, wife of Gilbert Holmes, dean of Ardfort. Her house in Park Street was to be sold and her nephew, Hardress Saunderson, was the residuary legatee. By a codicil she left her plate and household linen to James Saunderson, her diamonds and point lace to a niece, Cecilia, wife of James Slater, of Newick Park in Sussex, and her brown Sicilian cameos to lady Maria, wife of Hardress Saunderson.

The testimony of all the witnesses agrees that Lydia White was clever, witty and without restraint in her conversation. Bulwer Lytton introduces her name into the eighth chapter of his novel of *Pelham*, which was published anonymously in 1828, with a note that the passage was written before her death. One of its characters, lady Roseville remarks "Miss White has not only the best command of language herself but she gives language to other people. Dinner parties, usually so stupid, are at her house quite delightful. I have actually seen English people look happy and one or two even, almost natural." Another character responds to this praise, "ah, that is indeed rare . . . but Lydia White's soirées are indeed agreeable. I remember the last time I dined there we were six in number . . . the conversation was without let or flaw."

Two only of her jests are preserved to us in the *literary life of the Rev. W. Harness*, and both are flavoured with a tincture of classical learning. On the return of Charles X. —is this a mistake for Louis XVIII.?—Talma was engaged to play the part of Scylla, but he looked so much like Napoleon that he was ordered to put on a curly wig. "Why" said Lydia "were he to do that, we should hardly know Scylla from Charybdis."

At one of her small and agreeable dinners the company,

most, if not all of them, except the hostess, being Whigs, discussed the desperate condition of their party. Yes, said Sydney Smith " we are in a deplorable condition, we must do something to help ourselves. I think " looking hard at his hostess " we had better sacrifice a Tory virgin." Lydia White in the true spirit of a bright London lady at once took up and applied the allusion to Iphigenia with the remark " I believe there is nothing the Whigs would not do to raise the wind." The last jest is remembered even at this day. Mr. Mallock (*new republic*, 1877, *II.*, 36) quotes it as an exquisite instance how literary culture " enriches conversation, by enabling us to talk by hints and allusions and to convey so many more meanings than our actual words."

Very much the same reflections rose in the minds of two very different persons over the career of Lydia White. One of them, lady Charlotte Bury thought of her " comfortable house and the attentions of the world " and mingled with these reminiscences of her hostess the " pleasant recollection that the world, even the gay world, do not totally neglect those who are about to leave it. Oh yes, there is more of good mingled with the bad, even here below, than this world and its inhabitants are often given credit for."

Sir Walter Scott thought of her when she was dying and after she was dead. He put on one side his recollection of her " youthful affectations, her dressing like the Queen of Chimney-sweeps on Mayday morning and a free turn in conversation when she let her wit run wild." She had, he knew, a feeling and kind heart, and she had attained her purpose in life. " The newest lions about town " were always to be found in her rooms. " In her case the world was good natured and perhaps it is more frequently so than is generally supposed." Her name is found in Scott's journal on two later dates, and in the second of them

(18 Oct. 1831) it was to point out a like career for his daughter. "If Sophia [Mrs. Lockhart] keeps to early hours she may beat London for small parties as poor Miss White did and without much expense. A little address is all that is necessary." Alas ! This, like many other of Scott's ambitions in life, crumbled away.

LORD JOHN TOWNSHEND.

THREE great families from East Anglia rose to distinction in the political world at the beginning of the eighteenth century. These were the Walpoles, the Townshends, and the Herveys, and the common link that bound them together was the sturdy figure of sir Robert Walpole. They grew with his growth, when through his shrewd commonsense and his vigorous speech he obtained the supremacy in English affairs. There was eccentricity, to use no harsher term, in all three. The life led by Walpole's successor in the peerage of Orford was disfigured by many blots and his wife's character was not different from his. Their follies may be read throughout the volumes of Horace Walpole's correspondence. The traits of the Herveys gave rise to the witticism that mankind was composed of wise men, mad men, fools and Herveys. Three of them during that century have left in the world's memory the recollection of their peculiarities. One of them was the " Sporus " of Pope's satire, the second was Augustus, the dashing sailor, the first husband of Miss Chudleigh, and the last was Frederick, the clever and whimsical bishop of Derry.

The third family was that of Townshend. The second viscount was Walpole's colleague and brother-in-law. For many years he exercised the leading influence in English politics but Walpole gradually ousted him from his position in the ministry and they quarrelled, drawing swords in a lady's rooms in a royal palace. His heart was in agriculture and his name is chiefly remembered now from his introduction on a large scale into our national system of

farming of that familiar root, the turnip. The third viscount married Etheldreda, called among her friends Audrey, Harrison, the heiress of Ball's Park, near Hertford. Her indiscretions in act and speech, are written large among the scandalous chronicles of the smart set of that age. One of her sons was George, the brave soldier of Quebec but the tactless viceroy of Ireland, incompetent everywhere except at the dinner table. Another was Charles, whose audacious and witty speeches in parliament were the admiration of all the members whose minds could not realise the disastrous effects which his blazing errors in speech were certain to produce. He was chancellor of the exchequer, a position which under a happy constitution has been held by many a brilliant and wayward member of parliament, without even an elementary knowledge of finance, and this was Charles Townshend's case. A third member of the family was secretary of state in Mr. Pitt's cabinet and presided over the administration of our colonies when in their infancy. He became lord Sydney and gave his name to the chief city in New South Wales. John Townshend, at first the hon. John Townshend, then lord John Townshend was of this race. Elizabeth, lady Holland knew him well, his merits and his defects. She summed up his characteristics in the phrase, " like the rest of his family he is mad ; never enough to be confined, but often very flighty."

The honourable John Townshend was the second son of George, the first marquess Townshend, second in command to Wolfe at the conquest of Canada. His mother was lady Charlotte Compton, only surviving child of James, earl of Northampton. He was born in Audley Square, London, on 19 Jany. 1757, and the King stood as his godfather. Like many a Townshend before him he was sent to Eton and St. John's College, Cambridge. He was admitted on

24 February 1773, at the age of 16, Ferris and Pearce, the latter afterwards dean of Ely and Master of the Temple, being his tutors and became M.A. in 1775 and LL.D. in 1811. In order to qualify himself for public life he went to the bar and was admitted at Lincoln's Inn on 16 July 1774.

Townshend was in early life remarkable above his fellows for his energy and for his supreme grace of manners. A special feature that characterised him was his "pathetic bow." While still very young he became a constant associate in the daily routine and in the political sympathies of Charles James Fox. He adopted the principles of the Whigs with enthusiasm and stuck to them throughout his life. His great desire was to represent the university of Cambridge, and the opportunity came to him in 1779, when the marquess of Granby succeeded his grandfather in the dukedom of Rutland and caused a vacancy in the representation. The new duke gave him the support of his influence, in spite of the scandalous story repeated by Cole, the malicious old parson of Milton, of Townshend's conduct a few months previously to the marchioness of Granby. The fight was remarkable in the history of the university's representation in parliament. Three candidates stood—James Mansfield, of King's College, then solicitor general and afterwards chief justice of the common pleas, Townshend, who stood in the "independent interest," and lord Hyde, both of whom were of St. John's College, so that the interest of that powerful body was divided. Every nerve was strained in the contest, the marquess of Townshend even sent up an elector to vote for lord Hyde and against his own son, but Cole allows that had it not been for this unfortunate split in his college, the superior address and management of John Townshend, which far exceeded those of his two competitors, would

have ensured him the victory. As it was the difference in voting was but small, the numbers being Mansfield 157 votes, Townshend 145 and Hyde 138. Had the election been delayed for two or three weeks he would have won, even with this division among the members of his college. The younger members of the university were warm in his favour and the accession, as Cole acknowledges, of "a young flight of Masters of Arts" would have carried his election.

Nothing daunted by this defeat, Townshend stood again at the general election in 1780. There were now five candidates for the honour of representing their university in parliament. The three old competitors were joined by Richard Croftes, also a member of St. John's college who had represented the university from 1771 to the dissolution in 1780, and William Pitt, who hailed from Pembroke Hall. Mansfield was at the head of the poll with 277 votes, Townshend came next with 247 and lord Hyde was a good third with 206 votes. The numbers of Croftes sank to 150 votes and Mr. Pitt had only 142. What was most of all remarkable in these contests was the extreme youth of the candidates, all of them with the exception of Croftes and Mansfield being under 30.

At 1784, the year of the next general election, the fortunes of the Whigs had ebbed out. There were now four wooers for the honour of Granta's hand. Three of them were ancient rivals, Mansfield, Townshend and Pitt, and the fourth lover was lord Euston, of Trinity college. A complete change had come over the minds of the electors. Pitt headed the poll with 351 votes and lord Euston came next with 299. Townshend was a good third with 278 votes, and the supporters of Mansfield, who had been first at the poll in 1780, dwindled to 181. The return of lord Euston was due to the preponderance of votes cast for him

in his own college. At Trinity he polled 107 votes against 51 that were given to Townshend. At St. John's Townshend secured 91 and 48 were given to Euston. It was à propos of this election that Paley was fabled to have preached before the university in the presence of Pitt on the text "There is a lad here, who hath five barley loaves and two small fishes, but what are they among so many."

The comment of Wraxall over this electoral contest summed up the situation with complete justice. "Few men held a higher place in Fox's friendship than Townshend, a place to which he was well entitled by the elegance of his mind, his various accomplishments and steady adherence throughout life. Though not endowed with eminent parliamentary talents, he possessed an understanding highly cultivated, set off by the most pleasing manners. If party could ever feel regret, it would have been excited by his exclusion from a seat so honourable in itself as that of the University of Cambridge, to which he had attained by unwearied personal exertions."

Townshend's friendship with Fox and his influence over the Whig leader had by this time become known to the world at large. When Fox paid a long visit to Dublin in the closing months of 1777, Townshend accompanied him. Tickell, the brother-in-law of Sheridan, published anonymously in 1779—it passed through at least three editions before the next year had run its course—a clever satire entitled "epistle from the honourable Charles Fox partridge shooting, to the honourable John Townshend cruising." Fox is represented as tired of pastime in the country and he hopes that Townshend is in like case. He indulges in satire over the peculiarities of his opponents in politics and adjures his friend to return to life at Westminster. The young Whig yachtsman is designated the "pride of fop alley though a little tanned" and there is spread before him an

alluring picture of the pleasures of life at Brooks's, a worthy man "who blushes to be paid." Hare, the Hare of many friends, complained a year or two later that he seldom saw Fox "except at supper at Brooks's, with lord John Townshend." Lord John Russell, in quoting this passage calls him a "young man of very lively parts, who by his talents and devotion seems to have gained at this time an influence with Mr. Fox, the results of which were of great importance." (*life and times of Fox*, *I.*, 337.)

Fox put his friend prominently forward in July 1788. There was a bye-election for the city of Westminster. Admiral Hood had been made a lord of the admiralty and sought re-election from the electors. Westminster was one of the half-dozen populous borough constituencies in England where the franchise was of such a nature that the mass of the inhabitants could express their opinions at the polling booths. All through the reigns of the four Georges it was the centre of political attraction. The feelings of the constituency had been roused to indignation by the ill-advised attempt which Pitt had made to prevent through a scrutiny his illustrious rival from sitting for the borough. Fox determined upon a struggle for the complete representation of the borough and Townshend was nominated as the Whig opponent of the Tory Hood. Both sides put forward their whole strength but victory after a violent contest was on the side of the Whigs. They polled 6392 votes against 5569 which had been given to Hood and so two Whigs sat in parliament for Westminster. The success was celebrated by every proof of party exultation. Rioting occurred, as at the previous election in 1784, and the windows in the houses of the leading Tories were doomed to destruction. Gillray, for once on the side of the Whigs, expressed the current opinion on the lavish expenditure of the Tories in a

caricature called "election troops bringing their accounts to the Pay table Westminster," in which Pitt is depicted behind the Treasury gate, blandly professing his own ignorance of any promises of money and referring the clamorous crowd of applicants to old George Rose.

Lord John retired from the representation of Westminster at the general election of 1790 and never again stood for a popular constituency, but he sat for the borough of Knaresborough from 30 March 1793 to 1818, when he withdrew from public life. The right of election in this Yorkshire borough was vested in the owners of between 80 and 90 burgage houses, and the duke of Devonshire owned all but four. The constituency consequently returned his nominees and it was his wish that one of them should be lord John Townshend. He never became a conspicuous figure in parliamentary life, and never filled any important position in office. From 30 March to 13 July 1782 and from 8 April to 30 Dec. 1783 he was a lord of the admiralty and when the ministry of "all the talents" was formed in Feb. 1806 he was created a privy councillor and was joint paymaster of the army from that month until the 4 April 1807. He contented himself for the most part with voting silently, but consistently, for his friend Fox and the political principles which he advocated.

Two special gifts were his. One was the art of mimicry. He could not only reproduce the manner of any person but he could improvise a subject and talk upon it as his victim would. Such was the testimony of the celebrated lady Holland. In her opinion he was "one of the wittiest men there is ; his verses are excellent." That was his other talent ; he possessed an unrivalled facility for writing verses. That imperious lady's husband wrote to Samuel Rogers about 1818, "I am as full of my own verses as our friend Jack Townshend could be."

The opportunity for a display of his skill in versifying came to him in 1784. Most of the wits of the day were ranged on the side of the Whigs, and they soon found subjects for their jests among the supporters of Pitt. A country squire who represented Devonshire in parliament made himself the object of satire by his ludicrous speeches in the house against Fox and on behalf of Mr. Pitt. This was John Rolle, a young man with large estates in and around the two watering-places of Exmouth and Sidmouth, who lived to be the old lord Rolle who stumbled at the steps of the throne in 1838 when paying homage to the young queen Victoria. His name gave the title to their chief satire which first appeared as "criticisms on the *Rolliad, a poem*, being a more faithful portraiture of the present immaculate young minister and his friends, than any extant." Edition after edition poured from the press and into the stream of satire, as it sped its course, flowed many tributary poems. By 1795 it had become "*The Rolliad* in two parts ; probationary odes for the laureatship and poetical miscellanies." The jokes and allusions had their days of life but have now passed into the grave. No one reads these satires and if many did only a few would appreciate the points. Speculation was long excited over the authorship of these effusions and gradually, through the testimony of contemporary politicians, most of the pieces found their parents. Lord John Townshend was certainly the begetter of not a few of them. He wrote the "probationary ode for Major Scott" the dullard that Warren Hastings chose for his champion in Parliament, and the playful parody of Horace's "donec gratus eram tibi," as well as numerous odes to his political opponents, lords Barrington, Dartmouth, George Germaine and sir Elijah Impey. Perhaps the most popular of his productions was *Jekyll, a political eclogue*. The original draft, which bore the name of

"Lansdowne" and was designed as a satire on that peer, was wholly by Townshend and the piece was then more "terse and classical," more in fact what it was intended to be, a parody of one of Virgil's eclogues. But Richard Tickell, now hand in hand with the leading wits among the Whigs, took the poem up and expanded it into the form in which it appeared. It contains some good lines. Jekyll himself was credited with possessing a "book of sarcasms ready made" and a collection of "stale severities and pilfer'd spleen." Speaking of the Temple, it is recorded that "the well-known fountain babbles day by day." Was ever, I may ask, any other fountain in the world, so plain and unpretentious as this, honoured by such an army of pilgrims? Yet the inhospitable benchers—inhospitable in this respect only—have not even given their visitors a seat on which to rest. The history of this fountain has never been fully told. It was set up in 1680—81 in the treasurership of William Whitelocke (*calendar of Middle temple records, ed. C. H. Hopwood*, 1903, p. 179) and cost with pavement and rails around it over £750. It was probably one of the improvements resulting from the great fire in the Temple, which broke out on Sunday night 26 Jany. 1678—9. It is mentioned by George Farquhar in his "Love and a bottle" 1698 (Act IV., Scene II.), by Charles Lamb in his essay on "the old benchers of the Inner Temple"—he "made it to rise and fall how many times! to the astoundment of the young urchins, his contemporaries"—and forms the subject of a poem by L. E. L. But its fame has been spread far and wide through its introduction by Dickens into the novel of "Martin Chuzzlewit."

Beau Brummell was a bit of an author himself, but he displayed more energy in collecting the poetical effusions of others. All the fashionables of that day professed a love of literature and dabbled in poetry, chiefly satirical,

and circulated without their names. Moving as he did in the highest circles of life, he knew the arcana of authorship which were concealed from others. He kept a pocket book into which he entered all the odes and satires which attracted his notice and the names of those to whom they were assigned. Many of them are introduced into the fifteenth chapter of Jesse's life of the "beau" and among them are several by Townshend. One set by him was put forward as composed by Robert Adair, and was addressed to lady Hunloke, a coquette and a card player, who was reputed to be in love with Adair. The lady's reply to these verses which is given in the same chapter of the biography, was the composition of the duchess of Devonshire. In the following chapter are more verses by Townshend and these were composed as written by a clergyman to the countess of Blessington. If Adair had a share in the composition of the *Rolliad* (but the evidence is not clear on that point), he far outlived all his colleagues in its production. If he were guiltless of the accusation, the last survivor of these wits was lord John Townshend.

Townshend loved society and lived much in it. With Fox and Sheridan, Hare and Fitzpatrick, he often repaired to Whitbread's country house at Southill, in Bedfordshire. The party used to delight in teasing the leader whom they idolized. Fox, the sweetest-tempered of mankind, bore it all with equanimity but if it became necessary, he put out his paw and crushed them. After his retirement from active life in politics Townshend divided his time between his two houses, that of Ball's Park near Hertford, and his seaside retreat at Brighton. In Hertfordshire he cultivated the friendship of the professors at the East India College. Malthus, the Malthusian, was "my particular and most amiable" friend. When at the seaside, Moore would call upon him and have much talk about Sheridan. Much to

lord John's surprise, the Prince Regent asked him in January 1819 to dinner at the Pavilion. Hitherto Florizel had " cut me as one of the old Whig set " but now he put forward all his powers of pleasing, " addressed his whole conversation to me and talked of nothing but Fox and old scenes." Nobody could be more agreeable than George the fourth when he liked. Townshend loved to discourse on Fox and the men around him. In Clayden's work on " Rogers and his contemporaries " (I., 220—3) is a long letter from him, mostly on Sheridan. There are many letters to and from him in Dr. Parr's works (I., 355—6, vii., 161—72, 630—6).

Townshend married on 10 April 1787 Georgiana Ann, eldest daughter of William Poyntz, of Midgham, in Berkshire, and niece to the dowager lady Spencer. She was divorced on Townshend's account from her first husband, William Fawkener, clerk of the privy council and a son of the gay old sir Everard Fawkener, whose varied life comprised a residence of some years in Constantinople, the patronage of Voltaire when in England, and the tenure of such official positions as secretary to the duke of Cumberland and postmaster-general. Townshend and she met at lord Melbourne's at Brocket Hall in the summer of 1785. A duel between him and her first husband took place in Hyde Park in May of next year. " Fawkener fired at and missed the defendant who fired in the air." Townshend and his wife lived happily together for many years. He died at Brighton on the 25 Feb. 1833, she survived until 4 May 1851, when she was in her 89th year. Her funeral at Hertford testified to the universal respect in which she was held. She had lived down any accusation which could be brought against her.

Three of their children died in early life, among them was his eldest son, Charles Fox Townshend, who was

named after his father's friend. He took the degree of M.A. at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1816 and died in the following year. Their daughter, Isabella Georgiana Townshend was ill for "three long years" and died on 17 Sept. 1811. Her father wrote some pathetic lines to her memory. They are preserved in Brummell's notebook, are inscribed on a tablet on the south wall of All Saints church, Hertford, over the pew of the manor of Ball's, and were printed on a fly-sheet which was bound by Archdeacon Wrangham in a volume of poetical and classical effusions now belonging to the British Museum.

Both father and mother were buried in that church at Hertford. The tablet to lord John Townshend contains the words: "For a period little short of thirty years he was the friend and companion of that illustrious patron and statesman, Mr. Fox. A distinction which was the pride of his life and the only one he was anxious might be recorded after his death." Marvellous indeed must have been the fascination of the politician who during long years of exile from office could retain the friendship and the allegiance of nearly every member of the brilliant band which had gathered around him under the brighter auspices of his youth.

INDEX

BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO. LD., PRINTERS, LONDON AND TONBRIDGE.

CT
782
C83e